

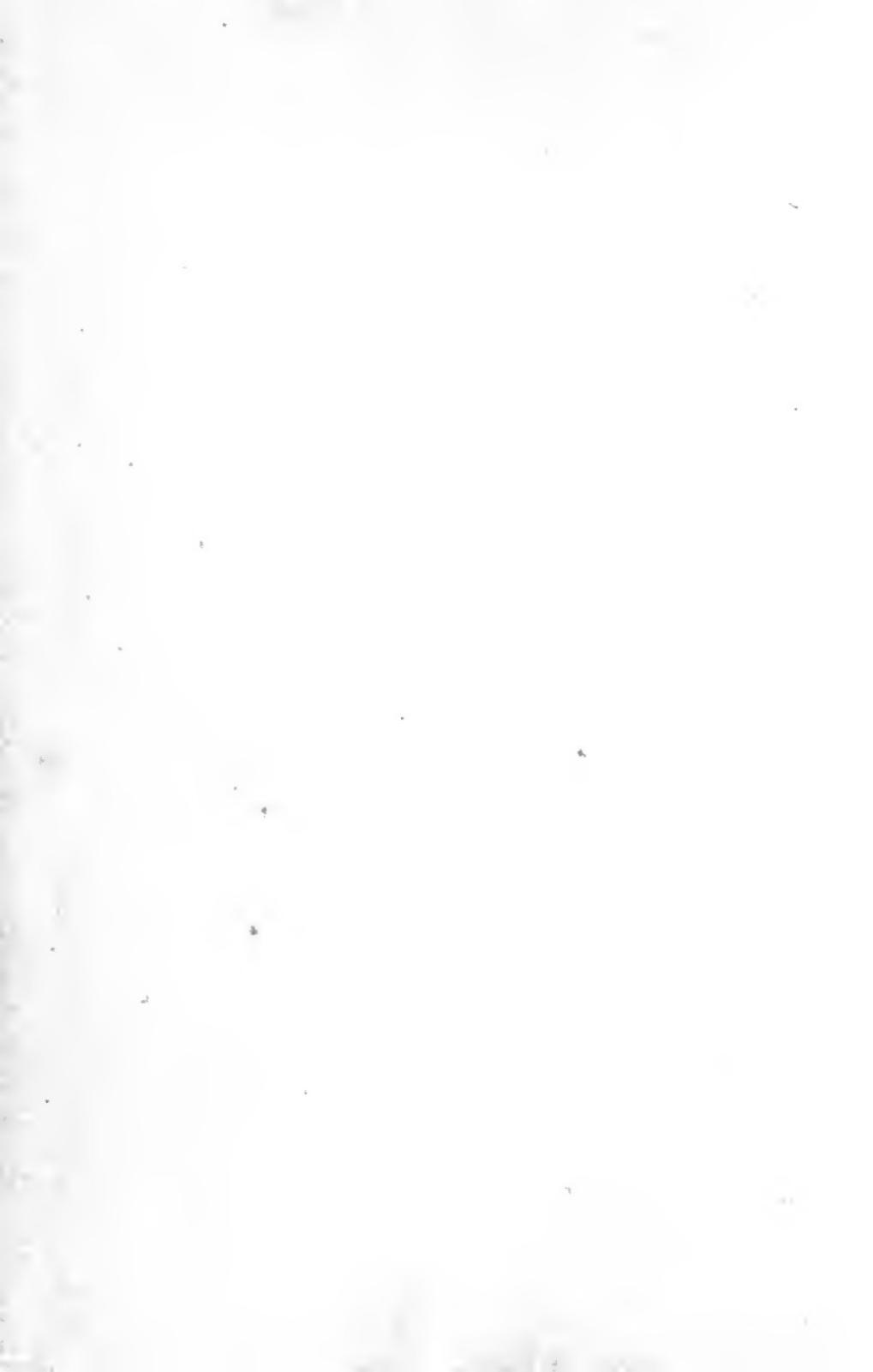
# Songs of School Days

J.W. Foley



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

y



# **SONGS OF SCHOOLDAYS**



" WOANT YOU TAIK THIS  
KANNDY "

# Songs of Schooldays

*By*

JAMES W. FOLEY

*Illustrated with Silhouettes by*

KATHARINE G. BUFFUM



NEW YORK

Doubleday, Page & Company

1906

Copyright, 1905, 1906, by  
The Life Publishing Company

Copyright, 1905, 1906, by  
The Curtis Publishing Company

Copyright, 1906, by  
Doubleday, Page & Company  
Published May, 1906

*All rights reserved,  
including that of translation into foreign languages,  
including the Scandinavian*

3511  
F69 s1

## NOTE

THE author and publishers wish to express their appreciation of the courtesy of "The Life Publishing Company," "The Saturday Evening Post," and "The New York Times," by means of which they have been enabled to reprint part of the material in this volume.

The eighteen songs which appeared at various times in the volumes of "Life" are reproduced by special permission of its publishers, who hold the copyright.

626121



To My Wife

WHO HAS ENCOURAGED ME STEADFASTLY



### **Song of the Purpose of the Book**

wuns i tolled hennry beamus iff we took  
owr dreems ann dedes ann put um in a book  
it otto be a trete ann hennry sedd  
it otto maik us famus wenn weere dedd.  
ann hennry beamus sedd we otto maik  
a reckered uv owr boyhood fore the saik  
uv grone up fokes ann wenn the wruk is throo  
to here um say thatts wott thay yoostoo doo  
wenn thay are yung ann that way maik um gladd  
to think uv awl the happie daze they had.

ann so we rote it awl : the planns we maid  
the dreems we hadd ann awl the gaims we plade  
the gurls we yoostoo luv with awl owr sole  
the springbored thare beside the swimmen hoal  
the kave ware we plade piruts ann the brook  
ware we wood fish. the menny times we took  
owr lunch owt in the woods ann watcht the burds  
ann wenn we got it awl put down in wurdz  
ann lookt at it wi hennry beamus sedd  
itts not a book but it is us instedd.

ann alwus wenn heez riten hennry tride  
to doo his verry best ann almoast kride  
sumtimes to think uv awl the happie daze  
we yoostoo have ann uv the menny ways  
we had to maik us happie ann heez glad  
to think uv awl the happie times we hadd.  
ann me an hennry beamus hoap the book  
wil be a trete to u ann maik u look  
back ware u yoostoo be wenn ure a ladd  
ann maik u think uv the good times u hadd.

— J. W. FOLEY



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
<b>SONG OF THE PURPOSE OF THE BOOK . . . . .</b>	<b>xi</b>
<b>OF THE WASTED CANDY AND THE INGRATITUDE . . . . .</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>OF THE WORSHIPPER AND THE SHRINE . . . . .</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>OF THE FORGIVENESS . . . . .</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>OF THE TRUTHFUL GEORGE AND THE OBSERVING LAD . . . . .</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>OF THE RENUNCIATION . . . . .</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>OF THE MODERN COLUMBUS AND THE LASS . . . . .</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>OF THE CONFIDENCE OF LOVE . . . . .</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>OF THE LOVABLE LASS AND THE PLETHORIC DAD . . . . .</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>OF THE DISABLED KNIGHT . . . . .</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>OF THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MIGNONETTE . . . . .</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>OF LOVE, THE MIRACLE WORKER . . . . .</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>OF THE INTERROGATION . . . . .</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>OF THE PROSAIC LIFE AND THE UNQUENCHABLE FIRE . . . . .</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>OF THE LAMENTATION . . . . .</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>OF THE UNSELFISHNESS OF LOVE . . . . .</b>	<b>31</b>
<b>OF THE CHASTISEMENT AND THE LASS . . . . .</b>	<b>33</b>
<b>OF THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER . . . . .</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>OF THE TEMPTATION . . . . .</b>	<b>37</b>
<b>OF THE UNDEFEATED GLADIATOR . . . . .</b>	<b>39</b>
<b>OF THE BURIED ROMANCE BROUGHT TO USE . . . . .</b>	<b>41</b>
<b>OF THE ENFORCED COMPANY OF AMY JONES . . . . .</b>	<b>43</b>
<b>OF LOVE IRREPRESSIBLE . . . . .</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>OF THE MEASLES AND THE MARTYRDOM . . . . .</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>OF LOVE THE FORSAKEN . . . . .</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>OF THE BANKRUPTCY OF THE RAIN . . . . .</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>OF THE UPPER CLASS GIRL . . . . .</b>	<b>53</b>
<b>OF THE VENGEANCE OF UNREQUITED AFFECTION . . . . .</b>	<b>55</b>
<b>OF THE TRUE KNIGHERRANTRY . . . . .</b>	<b>57</b>
<b>OF THE BURSTING CHRYSALIS . . . . .</b>	<b>59</b>
<b>OF THE CONSUMING PASSIONS OF EIGHTEEN . . . . .</b>	<b>61</b>
<b>OF THE BEGINNINGS OF ROMANCE . . . . .</b>	<b>63</b>

	PAGE
OF THE FAREWELL TO THE RUSTIC LASS . . . . .	65
OF THE SOFTENING GRACE OF THE LASS . . . . .	67
OF THE COMING BIG LEAGUER . . . . .	69
OF THE LOYALTY OF FIDUS ACHATES . . . . .	71
OF THE WEAKNESS OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS . . . . .	73
OF THE ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH . . . . .	75
OF YOUTH'S AMBITIOUS FIRES . . . . .	77
OF THE SELF-MADE MERCHANT PRINCE . . . . .	79
OF THE ROSY DREAMS OF YOUTH . . . . .	81
OF THE LOVE THAT OVERCOMETH ALL . . . . .	83
OF THE SECRET BROTHERHOOD . . . . .	85
OF THE THOUGHTLESS SODA CLERK AND HIS IMPENDING DOOM . . . . .	87
OF THE BLESSEDNESS OF DREAMS . . . . .	89
OF THE APOTHEOSIS OF HENRY BEMIS . . . . .	91
OF THE MARTYRDOM OF LOVE . . . . .	93
OF THE DIAGNOSIS OF UNWANTED INDUSTRY . . . . .	95
OF THE DYSPSEPTIC MILLIONAIRE . . . . .	97
OF GIRLHOOD'S VARIABLE MOODS . . . . .	99
OF DULL HEROISM'S POOR REWARD . . . . .	101
OF THE GNAWED VITALS OF THE SPARTAN LAD . . . . .	103
OF THE LESSON OF THE MELODRAMAS . . . . .	105
OF THE WANING OF LOVE'S FIRES . . . . .	107
OF THE PENALTIES OF WEALTH . . . . .	109
OF THE HAPPINESS THAT PASSES UNDERSTANDING . . . . .	111
OF THE FATAL SPELL OF BEAUTY . . . . .	113
OF THE MOCKERY OF GREAT RICHES . . . . .	115
OF THE BITTERNESS OF POVERTY . . . . .	117
OF THE PLEDGE FORSWORN . . . . .	119
OF THE INELASTIC DOLLAR AND THE GIRL . . . . .	121
OF THE DELAYED SURRENDER OF THE SPIRIT . . . . .	123
OF THE VISITING AUNT AND THE DOUGH . . . . .	125
OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S FAITHFULNESS, OF THE AFFAIR OF HONOR AND THE MISLEADING TALE . . . . .	127
	129

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>Facing page</i>
"WOANT U TAIK THIS KANNDY" . . . . .	5
"SHE SKREMED UZ IF HUR LITTUL HART WOOD BRAKE BECAWS SHE SAW A LITTUL GARTUR SNAIK" . . . . .	7
"SHE DUZ NOT SPEKE TO ME BUT PASSES BI WITH HOTTY LOOKS" . . . . .	9
"JO BENSEN" . . . . .	11
"U ROAD TOO SKOOL ON WILLY PEERSENS SLEDD" . . . . .	13
"THE DEDD LOG WARE WE WOOD SIT ANN ETE OWR SANDWITCHES" . . . . .	15
"SHEEL SITT IN THE FRUNT PARLER LOOKEN SWETE ANN DOOEN FANNSY WURK" . . . . .	17
"WENN SHE WAS HANGEN ON THE GAIT ANN I LOOKT FOOLISH AT HUR WENN IME GOEN BI" . . . . .	19
"IN OALDEN DAZE I WOOD UV BIN A NITE" . . . . .	21
"THIS BOKAY IS FORE PURL" . . . . .	23
"I WENT BEHIND THE BARN ANN THOTT" . . . . .	25
"SHE LOOKS INTOO OWR BACKYARD ANN SMILES AT ME" . . . . .	27
"THARE SEMES TO BE NO CHANCE IN AWL THE WIDE WIDE WURLD FORE ME" . . . . .	29
"I LEEND ON THE FRUNT FENSE LASS NITE ANN KRIDE" . . . . .	31
"I WASHT THE STEPS" . . . . .	33
"ILE BE A HURMITT INN A KAVE" . . . . .	35
"O WENN HE KUMS TO CAWL U BETTER AST HIM WOTT HIS RECKERED IS" . . . . .	37
"I MITE BE A STEEMBOTE KAPTEN" . . . . .	39
"I WANTO TEL U THIS SOZE U WILL NO THE TROOTH UV ITT" . . . . .	39

## xvi LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS (*Continued*)

	Facing page
"U MITE GO FURST" . . . . .	41
"ANN WUNS SHE LETT ME SITT WITH AMIE JOANS,"	43
"SHE MAY UV SEEN ME SWEEPEN OWT THE KANSKY STOAR" . . . . .	45
"SHE IS SICK IN BEDD ANN I DOANT KAIR TO SEA,"	47
"HUR FAWTHERS GOT A BETTUR JOBB ANN DRAGD HUR OFF" . . . . .	49
"THE RANE STOPT AWL MI TRAID" . . . . .	51
"WENN SHE GETS UP TO SPEKE HUR PEACE" . . . .	53
"SHE MUSST TAIK HUR CHOICE UV ME ANN REDD,"	55
"ANN AWL U DOO WENN U ARE MADD U SIMPLEY RUN UM THROO" . . . . .	57
"TAIK A CHARE ANN LOOK INTO A BOOK" . . . .	59
"ANN WURSHUP IT WENN U ARE AWL ALOAN" . .	61
"ANN WENN SHE HOALDS THE PANN FORE HIM TO PORE HE HARDLIE THINKS HE KANN HE TREM- BULS SO" . . . . .	63
"URE FAIS WIL KUM BEFOAR ME REETHED IN FLOURS LIKE WE HAY GETHERED MENY HAPPY OWRS" . . . . .	65
"SHE GOZE A-DRIVEN BI AWL DREST IN HANSUM CLOSE" . . . . .	67
"SHE BEDD BOYS ARE NO GOOD BUTT SHE LIKES CATTIS INSTEEDD" . . . . .	69
"ANN AFTERWURDS WENNEVER HE WOOD SEE HIS MUTHERNLAW HEED SITT ANN THINK UV ME" .	71
"U THINK U NEAVUR WIL BUTT THENN U DOO" . .	73
"ANN KEPE HIM IN SUM DUNGEN TILL HE TOALD WARE HE HADD HIDD HIS GRONEN HORDE UV GOALD" . . . . .	75
"PURHAPPS ILE BE A SKOWT UPON THE PLANES" .	77
"ILE BE A BOY NO MOAR BUT PROBABLY FLORE- WALKER IN A STOAR" . . . . .	79
"ANN UZ WE SPINN ALONG THE STRETES ILE SAY THARE IS THE SKOOL I YOOSTOO GO WUN DAY,"	81

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS (*Continued*) xvii

	<i>Facing page</i>
"THE GRATE DISSGRAISE" . . . . .	83
"I NO HE DROO HER PICKCHURE ON THE BORED" .	85
"HE SMILES AT HUR ANN NEAVUR SEMES TO SEA THE VIPUR THAT IS BEEIN NURST IN ME" . . . . .	87
"ANN SHEEL BELEAVE MOAST EVERY WURD I SAY" .	89
"WENN THE FITE IS OVER" . . . . .	91
"I GOT RITE UP WENN BEEZ A WIPPEN HUR" . . .	93
"HE STUDDIZE HARD TO KEPE REMOARSE AWAY" . .	95
"WENN HE GOZE BI OWR HOWSE SUMTIMES I NO HIS HAPPNUSS IS AWL A HOLLO SHO" . . . . .	97
"SHE SEDD SHE KOOD NOT SEA WI WEERE NOT FRENDS" . . . . .	99
"ANN LIKE THE FLOUR U BLUSHI UNSENE ANN WARE URE SWETENESS OWT UPON THE DEASURT AIR,"	101
"ANN SUM WUN HOLLERS THAT THE FISHENS GOOD,"	103
"THE YUNG HEARO KUMS ANN SAYS DOANT FEER ANN KUTTS AWL UV THARE THROTES FRUM EER TO EER" . . . . .	105
"ANN RISK URE LIFE TOO STEEL A WOTTERMELLUN,"	107
"A WALKEN OFFLE SLO ANN LOOKEN EVERYWARES,"	109
"U SEA IT THROO A NOTT HOAL IN THE FENSE" . .	111
"WENN U LOOK AT UM URE LOSST FOREAVURMOAR,"	113
"ANN SHE GOZE PAST WITH SUM WUN ELS" . . . . .	115
"TURBLE MIZZERY" . . . . .	117
"I AM A TRATEOR TOO THE BAND" . . . . .	119
"TEN SENSE FORE LEMMENADE FORE SHEE ANN I" .	121
"HE LET HUR KUM UNTIL HE RITHES WITH GEL- LUSY" . . . . .	123
"O MI SHE GOT UP IN ANN OFFLE HUFF" . . . . .	125
"THEN BILLIE SIMSEN SAYS BECAWS U GETT A CHANST TO WALK HOAM WITH TOBIAS BRETT" . .	127
"MEE ANN BIL PEERSON" . . . . .	129



# **SONGS OF SCHOOLDAYS**



**Of the Wasted Candy and the Ingratitude.**

luv is a funney thing fore wenn u gett  
it in ure sistem ann ure gurl has ett  
ure kanndy ann sum large boy kums around  
hoose got moar munney shee wil thro u doun.  
i thott that biggust burten gurl was fine  
she was thurtene ann i am onley nine  
but if i luvd a gurl i woodunt kair  
abowt hur aige if she had luvly hare  
ann feechers ann i woodunt stop becaws  
she was a few yeers diffrent than i was.

mi she was luvly. ann hur hare was black  
ann too big brades uv it hung doun hur back.  
i hadd a bag uv kanndy the furst time  
i mett hur goen too skool ann i sedd ime  
a nabur uv ure fokes ann woant u taik  
thiss kanndy. haff uv it belonged too blake  
but i foargott abowt his shair ann she  
sedd mi u are too offle good too me  
ann woodunt she be robben me ann took  
the sack ann sedd yess i mite taik hur book.

i luvd hur a hoal weke ann every day  
wenn i had kanndy i give it away  
too hur but wenn i ast hur if sheed go  
too hennry beamus parrty she sedd no  
ann sedd bil peersen was hur kumpuny  
shee koodunt go with sutch smal boys uz me.  
ann hennry beamus hurd hur say mi hand  
was kuverd with big warts shee koodunt stand.  
i no i got worts but shee didunt sea  
um wenn she took mi kanndy awl frum me.



"SHE SKREMED UZ IF HUR LITTL HART WOOD BRAKE  
BECAWS SHE SAW A LITTUL GARTUR SHAIK".

**Of the Worshipper and the Shrine.**

thares ware we mett ann i furst saw hur face.  
 too me it is a holey sakerud plais  
 ann wenn the wurld semes sadd i kum ann sitt  
 hear on the kool grene grass ann wurshipp it.  
 she skremed uz if hur littul hart wood brake  
 becaws she saw a littul gartur snaik  
 kurld up in frunt uv hur. uno thay aint  
 the biten kind but mi i thott sheed faint  
 until i kilt it ann she sedd o mi  
 wenn it was over ann begann too kri.

o wimmens teres wenn frum thare eyes u start  
 u maik the kweerest feelen in owr hart  
 uz if we were a giunt ann wood waid  
 throo seez uv bludd ann waiv owr trussty blaid  
 too wreskew hur frum dannjur. ann ude lay  
 ure life rite doun to wipe hur teres away.  
 ann wenn uve riskt ure life in hearos dedes  
 too wreskew hur frum dannjur awl she nedes  
 is kum ann smile att u throo hur bigg teers  
 to maik ure hart go pittypat fore yeers.

wot doo i kair if sheez foargott me now  
 ur dedd ur married. i kum ennyhow  
 too wurshipp at hur shrine. ann if ive losst  
 mi marbuls sutch uz slickeries witch cosst  
 a sent apeace ann if mi hart is soar  
 becaws i have no munney to bi moar  
 i kum ann sit doun hear ann think uv wenn  
 i saived hur life. it awl kums back agenn  
 ann o the sweetest peace desends on mee  
 till i am happy uz i yoostoobee.



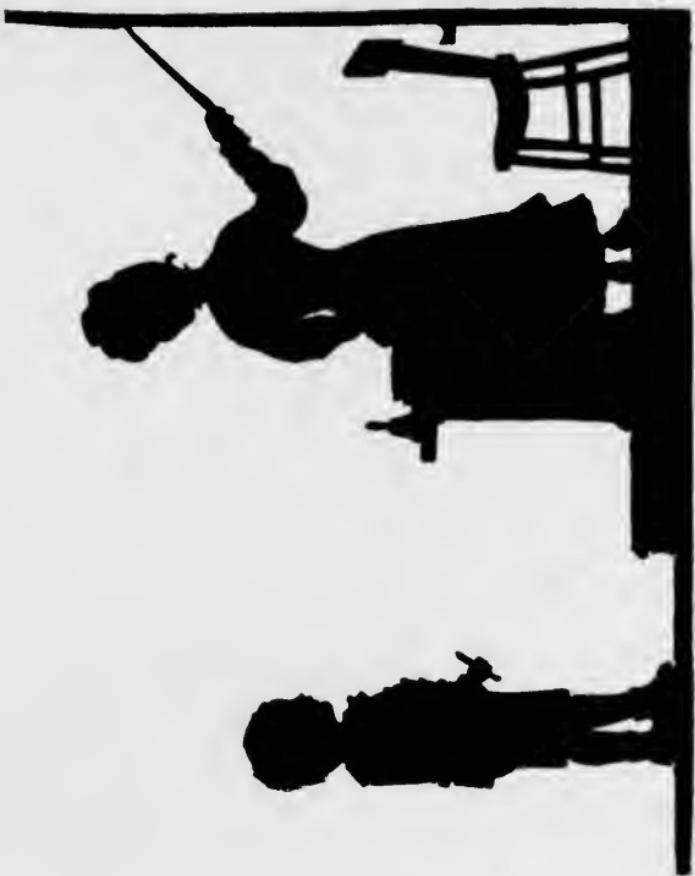
"SHE DUZ NOT SPEKE TO ME BUT PASSES BI  
WITH HOTTY LOOKS."

**Of the Forgiveness.**

she duz not speke to me but passes bi  
with hotty looks ann angur in hur eye.  
she wil nott rede mi noats to hur ann wenn  
i send hur flours she sends um back agenn.  
i tride to speke to hur lass nite but she  
past coaldly bi uz if she kood nott sea  
ann hennry beamus sedd he hurd hur say  
ime nuthen but a worty littul jay.  
o luv u are the swete kreem uv an owr  
but o how badd u taist wenn u turn sowr.

wenn hennry toald me that u kood uv nockt  
me over with a fether ime so shockt  
ann hurt to think that sutch a gurl uz she  
kood say it ann foarget wott yoostooobe.  
forgett the daze wenn she ann i were yung  
the menny menny times we stood ann sung  
in singen skool. the munney that i spent  
too bi hur kanndy ann the times we wennt  
to dansen parties. o a littul hait  
like a bigg spunj wipes luv kleen off the slait.

but ile foargive hur witch is like the roase  
that trize to blossom underneeth the snoze  
ann sumday wenn ime dyen far away  
frum hoaim ann frends sheel kum to me ann say  
she did nott understand wot a bigg hart  
i hadd in me. its offle hard too part  
to sea hur every day ann passen bi  
with hotty looks ann angur in hur eye  
but eaven if she cawled me that uno  
i will foargive hur fore i luvd hur so.



"JO BENSEN"

**Of the Truthful George and the Observing Lad.**

tooday we hadd a hollyday becaws  
gorge washington is dedd. uno he was  
the onley man that neavur tolled a li  
witch maiks it awl the wurse he hadd to di.  
wenn teecher rote it on the bored ann sedd  
how ollen he was ann how long he was dedd  
ann ast wot he died uv jo bensen says  
i gess he musst uv died uv loansumness.  
ann wenn she sedd he koodunt li ann thatts  
the trooth wi willy peersen he sedd rattz  
if that was troo heez in an offle ficks  
was gorge wenn he got intoo pollyticks.



"U ROAD TOO SKOOL ON WILLY PEERSSENS SLEDD"

**Of the Renunciation.**

hear is the wring u alwus lett me ware  
hear is ure lettur ann the lock uv hare  
u sent me wenn u promist to be troo  
becaws ure fals i send um back too u.  
doant rite ann ast me wi becaws uno  
wot u have dun to me that greeves me so.  
u road too skool on willy peersens sledd  
hereaftur u will be uz if ure dedd  
ann i wil pas u bi with skorn ann awl  
mi frends wil neavur speke to u at awl.

sum boys wood hait u fore a hartluss flurt  
but no. tho u have throne me in the durt  
i wil not hait u. i wil lett u be  
a sowr olled maid. ann sumday wenn u sea  
me goen bi u with a hansum wife  
ule nash ure teeth in pane. ann awl ure life  
ule sitt ann si becaws u throo me doun  
ann ile be ritch ann own moast awl the town  
but wenn ure dyen in sum loanly plais  
ile kum ann drop a teer on ure dedd fais.

uve broak mi hart but thare are uther gurls  
with jusst uz luvly faises. thay are purls  
beside uv u ann dyen fore a sho  
too be mi awl fore thay have tolled me so.  
but u ann me are dun ann if u kum  
on bennded neeze ann offerd me ure gumm  
too choo ide waive u skornfully aside  
ann wood not eaven kair how mutch u kride.  
taik back ure lettur ann the wring i woar  
fore u are dedd to me foreavurmoar.



"THE DEDD LOG WARE WE WOOD SIT  
ANN ETE OWR SANDWITCHES"

**Of the Modern Columbus and the Lass.**

wenn she getts this noat ile be far away.  
itts hard to go but harder stil to stay  
ann no she duzent luv me ennymoar.  
o wenn columbuss left his native shoar  
fore the yoonited staits no wunder he  
lookt back acrosst the dizmul waist uv see  
ann sedd fairwel mi nativ land goodnite.  
i no jusst how he fealt ann uz i rite  
thiss fairwel lettur the hott teers jusst sizz  
becaws mi hart is loansum jusst like hiz.

tooday i went arownd ann sedd goodbi  
too awl the plaises ware we plade hi spi.  
too the dedd log ware we wood sit ann ete  
owr sandwitches ann rest owr weerie fete.  
then too the krick ware i swum fore hur hatt  
ann ware bill peersen drounted hur pett katt.  
swete memmories kum too me awl aloan  
jusst like ude spillt a bottul uv coloan  
ann grate sobbs shook mi mornfle bresst wen i  
sedd too um awl good bi olled seens good bi.

the planes fore me ware i kan go ann kill  
wild indyuns bi skoars ann get mi fill  
uv bluddy dedes ann thatway ile foargett  
mi urly life. ile be a hearo yett.  
the papurs wil be full uv me uno  
ann afturwile ile start a wild wesst sho  
ann maik hur town ann she wil go uv korse  
ann see me rideon mi bucken horse  
ann hoalden up the staige. ann she will sea  
wot mite uv bin if sheed bin troo too me.



"SHEEL SITT IN THE FRUNT PARLER LOOKEN SWETE  
ANN DOEN FANNSY WURK!"

**Of the Confidence of Love.**

luv sutch uz hurs wil neavur neavur di.  
she neavur maid a donut ur a pi  
but she kann lurn ann wott she duzent no  
wil be awlrite becaws i luv hur so.  
wott if we hafttoo live on kannd bakebeens  
ann botten junnjur cookeys ann sardeens  
mi hart wil feest upon mi luv ann wenn  
mi appetight getts down to wurk agenn  
she wil have lurnt to cook ann awl be well  
ann brite ann happie uz a marridge bel.

o mitey luv bi witch too soles are ledd  
too happyness wile eeten baykers bredd  
ann byen furnichoors uz besst thay kann  
too fil thare hoam on the installmunt plan.  
wott difference if the cooken stoav woant draw  
u onley hafttoo ast ure muthernlaw  
to kum ann hellp u ann she kums ann brings  
sum hoammaid bredd ann pize ann uther things  
ann fires the hired gurl ann sedd sheel stay  
until u reely want hur to go way.

then wile hur muthers gotten things too ete  
sheel sitt in the frunt parler looken swete  
ann dooen fannsy wurk ann awl day long  
weel sitt like burds ann burst owt intoo song.  
she says sheez not afrade uv beein poor  
if she has lotts uv kloase. ann sheel endoor  
wott eavur forchune brings if i doant look  
fore hur too doo the howswurk ann too kook.  
how cood i hellp but luven hur wenn she  
is reddy to lay down hur life fore me.



"WENN SHE WAS HANGEN ON THE GAIT ANN  
I LOOKT FOOLISH AT HUR WENN IM GOEN BI"

**Of the Lovable Lass and the Plethoric Dad.**

she says she neavur neavur luvd befoar  
she saw me passen bi hur paws frunt doar  
wenn she was hangen on the gait ann i  
lookt foolish at hur wenn ime goen bi.  
uv korse she had sum boze but nun that sturd  
hur hart down too its depths until she hurd  
me wissel ann she saw mi fais. ann wenn  
she furst saw me sheed neavur luv agenn  
she sedd she noo. ann if i shunnd hur eye  
sheed be a nunn ann bid the wurld goodbi.

how swete it is wenn munneys on the throan  
uv life too be luvd fore ureself aloan  
ann no that u have gott the powr to stur  
a woomens hart wenn u jusst look at hur.  
ann o its sweeter stil if u kann no  
hur paw has got jusst oshuns uv the doe  
ann u jusst have to furrnish luv ann he  
wil furrnish munney fore boath u ann she  
i wood not kair if she was poor but o  
its dubley swete too no sheez got the doe.

i wood not hezzetait if she was poor  
too marrie hur. togeathur weed endoor  
woteavur forchune sennt with rite good will  
but since sheez ritch itts awl thebettur stil.  
ide luv hur in a cottidge just the saim  
fore luv is sutch a holey sakerud flaim  
it burns like tinndur wenn u strike a lite  
but stil it burns moar glorious ann brite  
wenn she has lotts uv munney ann hur paw  
with menny thowsunds is ure fawthernlaw.



**Of the Disabled Knight.**

i kannot go to sea hur wvensday nite  
mi lipp is sweld ann i have had a fite  
with shoarty weeks. he cawld hur pidgentode  
ann thenn i went ann throo him in the rode  
ann rold him in the dusst until he sedd  
heed taik it back. but wenn heez up instedd  
he hitt me in the fais with a big stick  
witch hennry beamus cawls a kowurds trick  
becaws we had kings X. ann hennry says  
nobuddy wood doo that but savvidges.

i look so funney wenn i tri too smile  
witch i suppoas wil lasst fore kwite a wile.  
ann wenn i ete mi meels ann hafftoo choo  
mi teath doant grind um like thay otto doo.  
ime offle soar but i doant kair at awl  
becaws ile betchoo he woant neavur cawl  
hur pidgentode agenn. ino he stade  
away frum skool too daze heez so afraade  
ann hennry sedd heed ruther look like me  
than be a savvidge ur be kowurdly.

in oalden daze i wood uv bin a nite  
with armer on ann reddy fore a fite  
moast enny time ann waiv mi bluddy sored  
fore wimmens saiks nur ast fore a reword  
eksept too kis thare hand wenn i had ledd  
um up to ware thare enemees lay dedd.  
ann thenn ide lifft um up on mi black stede  
ann ride away with um. ann if ide blede  
frum krewel woonds i woodunt neavur kair  
if i got wun brite smile frum ladey fare.



"THIS BOKAY IS FORE PURL"

**Of the Significance of Mignonette.**

i wood uv bott u violetts to sho  
how mutch i luv u butt purhapps uno  
how mutch thay cost a bunch. thay are so hi  
u hafftoo be a millyunair to bi  
a bunch uv um. ann so i hadd to lett  
um go ann gett this bunch uv minyunnet  
witch groze in owr frunt yard. its not so dere  
but shoze mi feelens to u jusst uz clear  
uz if it kost a lott. ann it is tide  
with ribbon muther woar wenn sheez a bride.

she duzent no i took it but no harm  
is dun ann maybee it will be a charm  
fore u ann me. i cutt it off hur dress  
but she woant mind a littul moarorless.  
i tride to ti it in a hansum bo  
like gurls doo in the flour stoars uno  
butt coodunt maik it wruk ann so I tide  
it in a hard nott that will hoald. beside  
it shoze bi beein tide so hard how fast  
owr harts are tide togeathur till the last.

ann wen u smelluvum with ure deer noase  
remmembur ure the sweetest flour that groze  
ann wen i think uv u mi eyes gett wett  
ann mi hoal hart semes full uv minyunnet.  
ile nock at ure frunt doar ann wen the gurl  
kums down ile say this bokay is fore purl  
sent bi a frend uv hurn ann then ile go  
away at wuns ann she will neavur no  
that ime the frend ann ure the wun to gett  
mi hart in this bigg bunch uv minyunnet.



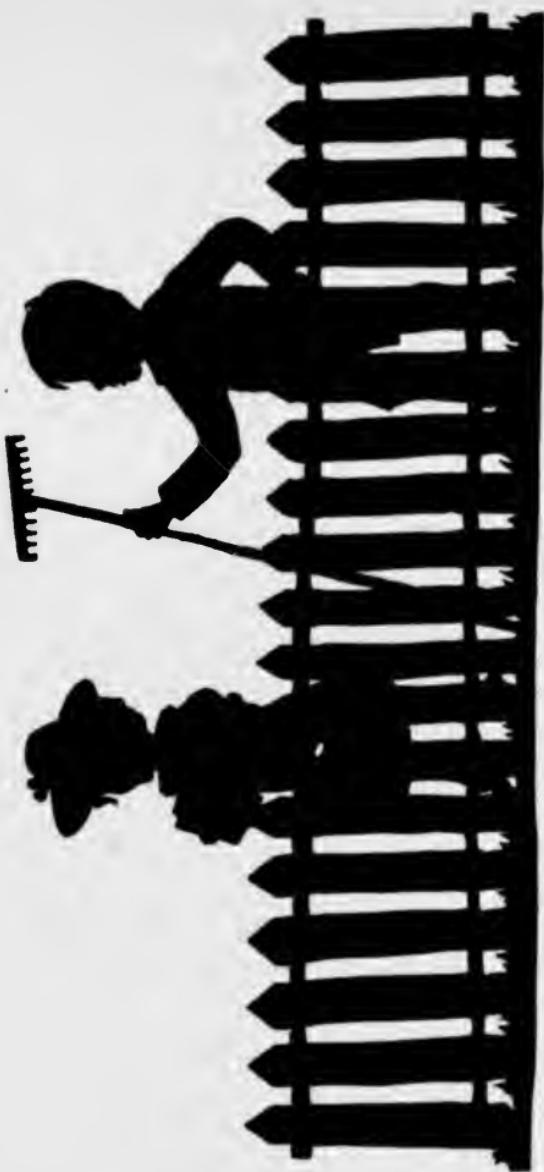
"I WENT BEHIND THE BARN ANN THOTT.."

**Of Love, the Miracle Worker.**

lass nite u sedd u luvd me deer ann o  
wott joy itt give me u wil neavur no.  
i coodunt ete no supper ann i went  
behind the barn ann thott uv how ide spent  
so menny yeers in foolishness ann swoar  
thatt wott had bin wood neavur be no moar.  
ann wenn the piggs ann cows hadd awl bin fed  
ann neerly awl the wurld had gone to bedd  
i cood not slepe but stade awake unless  
ide looze a minnit uv mi happiness.

ann i foargave bil peersen awl the sin  
heez dun to me ann littul hennry finn  
foar tellen teecher on me wenn i roat  
a joak abowt hur swetehart onn a noat.  
ann gummy wudgen for the time he broak  
mi fishpoal ann jo grumby foar the joak  
he plade on me wenn he roat nelly brown  
ann sined mi naim ann sedd i wood be down  
att the dedd tree att five o'clock ann she  
kott neer hur deth uv coald waten foar me.

ann wenn i coodunt think uv enny moar  
i cood foargive i fickst the seller dore  
ann raikd the yard ann pild the wood-box hi  
with kindlen wood ann wenn its awl dun i  
throo the corn husks i yoostoo smoak away  
ime dun with um foreavur ann a day.  
ann o thiss mornen wenn i washt i took  
thee sope ann washt mi neck soze it wood look  
uz wite uz snow. it changes u awl throo  
wenn u no sum wun reely cares fore u.



"SHE LOOKS INTO OUR BACKYARD  
ANN SMILES AT ME"

**Of the Interrogation.**

wi doo i luv hur wenn i sea hur go  
with hur big bag uv skoolbooks too ann fro.  
wi does mi hart go pittypat wenn she  
looks intoo owr backyard ann smiles at me.  
wi doo i wish i was a millyunair  
ann ownd a pallus bi the see sumware  
with menny survents at her bekkancawl  
soze she doant have to doo no wurk at awl  
but onley hasstoo chainge hur gownds ann go  
too serkuses becaws i luv hur so.

wi doo i sumhow alwus want to ware  
mi sunde kloase ann alwus kome mi hare  
wenn i sea hur like sum swete farey go  
intoo the stoar fore grossereys uno.  
mi feelens are so depe thatt i kant tell  
wott maiks me luv hur. she has kasst a spell  
upon mi hart witch jumps arownd uz tho  
its sum skairt burd uve kott arn woant let go.  
ann hennry beamus sedd nobuddy nose  
ware luv kums frum ur eaven ware it goze.

if i shood be a famus man uno  
ann play a horn in sum big minnstrul sho  
ur be a serkus rider it wood be  
mi luv fore hur that maid a man uv me.  
ann every time i turnd a summerset  
ur plade a solo on the klarrinet  
ide no it was mi luv fore hur that maid  
me famus ann the verry toon i plade  
wood sho it ann the summersett i whurled  
wood proov that luvs the thing that rools the wurld.



"THARE SEMES TO BE  
NO CHANCE IN AWL THE WIDE WURLD FORE ME!"

**Of the Prosaic Life and the Unquenchable Fire.**

if i kood stopp sum turble runaway  
that she was in ann wreskew hur ann say  
no nobul gurl give me no thanks. fore u  
it wood be pleshur to be tore in too  
bi big wild hoarses. iff ide kiss hur hand  
ann taik mi hat off wood she understand  
wott maid a hearo uv me. wood she fawl  
upon mi neck ann say pleez kum ann cawl  
tomorro nite ur wood she koaldly say  
thank u kind sur ann go hur hotty way.

ur if hur fawthers howse was burnen down  
ann awl the fiar fiters stood arownd  
wile she is up in hur thurd storey room  
so commly waten fore hur firey doom  
ann i shood dash throo smoak ann flaim ann save  
hur frum hur turble turble firey grave  
i wunder if sheed still be koald ann proud  
wile mitey cheers went up frum awl the crowd  
ur wood she say fore wott uve dun today  
ile be ure swetehart till ime oald ann gray.

o if sum chance wood onley kum to sho  
how mutch i luv hur so sheed hafftoo no  
wotts in mi hart. but o thare semes to be  
no chance in awl the wide wide wurld fore me.  
if onley sheed go fore a sale ann get  
intoo a stoarm soze she wood get upsett  
ann i cood saive hur frum the mitey depe  
ann frum hur grattitood to me cood repe  
mi grate reword. but no. no chance wil kum  
ann i kann onley bi hur nutts ann gum.



"I LEEND ON THE FRUNT FENSE LASS NITE ANN KRIDE"

**Of the Lamentation.**

the wurld semes offle offle sad to me  
fore amy joans is gone away u sea  
to vizzet with hur unkels fokes ann i  
woant sea hur fore a hoal weke witch is wi.  
sumhow hur goen maiks a turble chainge  
abowt hur howse. it looks so still ann strainge  
the blinds are shutt ann awl the kurtens down  
with jusst the gurl ann hired man in town  
to kepe the burrglers owt ann the frunt laun  
just semes to say sheez gone sheez gone sheez gone.

i leend on the frunt fense lass nite ann kride  
to think she wasent thare. ann then i tride  
to chere upp but mi feelens was too grate  
ann turble sobbs just rattuld the frunt gait.  
i was askairt sheed neavurmoar kum back  
sumway i thott the trane run off the track  
ann kilt um awl. in mi dreems i kood sea  
hur layen dedd ann cawlen owt to me  
it was so pittyful ann i sed no  
it is so dredfull that it kant be so.

today we had fresh donuts sutch uz we  
are offle fond uv ann i ett down three  
befoar i thott uv hur ann then the lite  
went owt fore me. i losst mi appetight.  
a grate bigg lump rose rite upp in mi throte  
i putt a kuppel donuts in mi kote  
soze i doant starv ann slolie went away.  
sum uther boys were bizzey with thare play  
but i jusst lookt at them ann then went on.  
how kood i think uv play wenn she is gone.



"I WASHT THE STEPS"

**Of the Unselfishness of Love.**

if she noo how i wurkt to get that dime  
how i was swetten neerly awl the time  
i washt the steps ann polisht the frunt doar  
i wunder if sheed luv me enny moar  
wenn she is drinken lemmenade witch i  
have bott fore hur. shee nose that it wood bi  
fishlines ur topps ur marbuls witch i nede  
but no. i doo not bi um: no indede.  
i onley think uv hur ann mi grate luv  
ann wunder sumtimes wott sheez thinken uv.

if she kood sea the blissturs on mi hand  
frum raken launs o wood she understand  
that every time she stopps ann starts to draw  
hur breth sheez drawnen munney throo the straw.  
o luv how eozy u maik us foargett  
the way we wurk we blisstur ann we swett  
to get a littul munney wenn we pass  
a stand ware lemmenade is five a glass  
ann ure gurl looks up att u offle sli  
ann says o hennry doant it maik u dri.

o luv u are a mitey mitey power  
we wurk fore munney menny a weery owr  
but let a gurl get thursty ann its gone  
befoar u hardly say jak robison.  
the millyunair spends thowsunds but he nose  
thares lots moar in his pockut wenn it goze  
but wen i spend mi dime foar lemmenade  
its awl ive got. but luv is not afraade  
uv povrty. ann every breth she draws  
brings happenuss up to me throo the straws.



"I'LL BE A HURMITT IN A CAVE!"

**Of the Chastisement and the Lass.**

becaws i lickt hur bruther she is soar  
ann sed hur luv is dedd foreavurmoar  
ann o wot maiks hur koaldnuss seme the wurst  
is wenn i no hur bruther hit me furst.  
i wood uv neavur lickt him ann wood taik  
the naims he cawled me fore hur own deer saik  
but wenn he went ann hit me i foargot  
he was hur bruther tho i neavur ott  
uv lickt him kwite so bad ann broak his noase  
but its too lait to tell hur i suppoas.

ann hennry beamus sed she sed if she  
kood be a boy sheed maik it hot fore me  
fore lickin him. she duzent seme too no  
he blackt mi eye befoar i lickt him so.  
if i kood onley speke to hur ann tel  
mi side uv it ann sho mi eye a spell  
she mite be sorrie fore the wurdz she sed  
but wenn she seez me now she turns hur hedd  
ann turns hur noase up like a kwene ann wenn  
i tri to sho mi eye sheez gone agenn.

he neavur bot hur kanndy ur iskream  
uz i uv dun ann yet owr happie dreem  
is broaken ann luvs bubbel it has burrst  
becaws i lickt him wenn he hit me furst.  
i wood uv bin her loyel fathfull slaive  
but now ile be a hurmitt in a kave  
ann slepe on skinns ann let mi hare gro long  
ann sumday wenn she seez that she was wrong  
thale find me layen dedd in sum far land  
with hur swete pickchure in mi koald dedd hand.



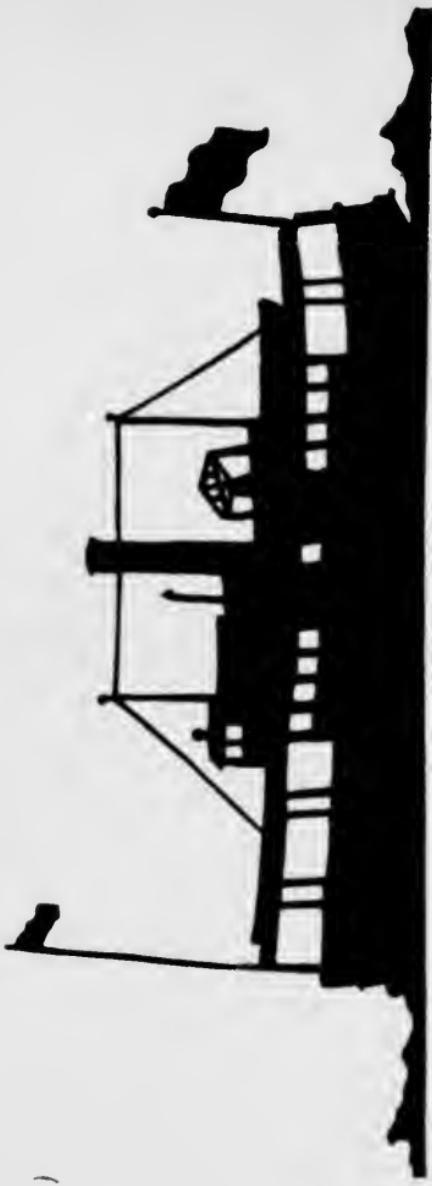
"O WENN HE KUMS TO CAWL U BETTER AST  
HIM WOTT HIS RECKERED IS"

**Of the Mysterious Stranger.**

o trusst him not becaws his fais is fare  
ann he has perfyoom on ann oyley hare  
ann wares fine kloase. u doo not no but wott  
the welth he semes to have he may uv gott  
bi turble krimes ann onley trize to hide  
his wikked hart beneeth a fare owtside.  
u doo not eaven no but wott he may  
uv bin a kash boy in a stoar sum day  
ann run off with the munney drore witch he  
wood yooze to win ure hart away frum me.

how doo u no but wott the welth he owns  
was grownd frum orfuns teers ann widdoze grones  
ann wenn u eet iskream with him he may  
be spennden munney witch he took away  
frum sum poor sole hoo may be in the strete  
with bairly kloase enuf ur bredd to eet  
wile he is feesten like a prinns ann bize  
redd lemmenade ann gum ann thatway trize  
to win ure hart away frum me ann thenn  
wenn it is broak kasst it aside agenn.

o wenn he kums to cawl u bettur ast  
him wott his reckered is ann if his passt  
is free frum krome ann if he shood turn pale  
ule no the officers are on his traile.  
ur maybee heez a kownterfitter hoo  
is waten fore a serkus to kum throo  
soze he kann wurk the town ann thenn heel fli  
to uther feeds ann neavur say goodbi  
ann u wood di uv shaim ann hafttoo be  
a nunn to hide ure shaim ann mizzery.



"I WITE BE A STEEMBOE KAPTEM"

**Of the Temptation.**

sumday i mite be prezidunt ur own  
a minnstrul sho ur serkus awl aloan  
ur be a trane conduckter soze thatt u  
cood ride fore nuthen iff i wannted too.  
ur be a steembote kapten on the seez  
with mi stowt shipp a runnen in the breez  
at fiffty notts ann owr ann u cood go  
awl over yoorup on a crooze uno  
ann so u otto think uv it befoar  
u say fairwel ann we must meat no moar.

ur i mite winn an airess ann sheed di  
ann leeve me awl hur munney ann thenn i  
wood kum to u ann say hear is mi hand  
ann forchune ann weed fli to sum far land  
far frum hur fokes ann sumtimes drop a teer  
too think how kind she was too leeve us hear  
with awl hur munney. ann moast every day  
weed seek hur graive ann lay a big bokay  
uv roases thare ann sheed look down frum ware  
shee was ann bless us wile weere standen thare.

u dowt me now butt everybody nose  
that riches kum sumtimes just like a rose  
thatt opuns in a singul nite. ann thenn  
iff u shood turn me down thiss time why wenn  
u are grone up ann see me goen bi  
with welth in awl mi pockets ure bloo eye  
wood fill with teers ann u wood want to kum  
ann chainge ure mind but pride wood keep u dumm  
ann thenn ure hart wood brake ann in the gloom  
weed go in sorro to owr cheerluss toom.



"I WANTO TEL U THISS SOZE U WILL NO  
THE TROOTH UV ITT"

**Of the Undefeated Gladiator.**

he says he lickt me but he didd not tell  
wot i have dun to him. i mite uz well  
say i lickt him. he onley tear my close  
ann i give him a turble bluddy noase  
wich henry beamus sedd maid itt a tie  
betwene uss ann the beefstake on mi eye  
is ware i fel dounstares. he neavur hitt  
mee in the eye a tall ur thott uv itt  
untill he saw me yessturde ann so  
he toald u thatt becaws u didunt no.

i doo nott kare wott uthers think butt o  
i wanto tel u thiss soze u will no  
the trooth uv itt. ann hennry beamus sedd  
he coodunt lick wun side uv me. instedd  
uv licken me heez gladd too quit ann wenn  
we stopt too rest ann was too start agenn  
he sedd he hadd sum choars too doo ann so  
he coodunt fite no moar thatt day uno.  
ann wenn he seez me now heez so ascared  
he coodunt fite me eaven iff he dared.

i woodunt be ascared uv him iff he  
was twict uz big uz now ann wenn i sea  
him on the way to skool agenn ile maik  
him taik back wott he sedd fore ure deer saik.  
i no the beefstake looks uz tho i mite  
have gott it becaws i have hadd a fite  
butt u can ast mi muther ann sheel say  
she putt it on hurslef the uther day  
becaws i fell dounstares. butt she doant no  
i hadd a fite so please doant tell hur so.



"U MITE GO FURST"

**Of the Buried Romance Brought to Use.**

feer nott swete made. iff teecher asts u wi  
ure lait too skool i wil tel hur thatt i  
am awl too blaim fore getten u too go  
the longust way ann walken offle slo.  
purhapps she was a gurl hurselv ann wenn  
i tel hur thatt sheel dreem uv yuth agen  
ann sum fare ladd she yoostoo no befoar  
he wennt away ann marcht off to the war  
too di a hearos deth ann now she hass  
too teech becaws he left hur a loan lass.

u neavur no wott sorrose peepul hide  
beneeth a plane ann sturn looken outside.  
she fritens uss butt maybee wuns she hadd  
a harrt like u butt wenn hur soljer ladd  
kum hoam awl rapt inn the old flagg she kride  
so mutch becaws heez dedd hur harrt awl dride  
upp like a nutt. ann so she sadly goze  
throo life a wippen uss to dround hur woze.  
butt iff u onley tutch hur harrt ino  
she wood foargiv uss fore she luvd him so.

u mite go furst ann i wil wate ann see  
frum heeren hur iff thares a chanst fore me  
too tutch hur harrt bi taken awl the blaim  
soze wenn she looks att u ann cawls ure naim  
i kann rize upp ann say no tutch hur nott  
i am too blaim fore itt no mattur wott  
u doo too me. butt o i wisht i noo  
iff itt wood tutch hur uz itt otto doo  
ur wil she be jusst koald ann harrd ann say  
sheel lick uss boath fore beein lait tooday.



"ANN WUNS SHE LETT ME SITT WITH AMIE JOANS."

**Of the Enforced Company of Amy Jones.**

sumtimes wenn we are crouded teecherll lett  
uss sitt togeathur fore a wile too gett  
moar room fore sum noo skollars till the bored  
getts lasst yeers tackses pade soze too afored  
sum moar noo seets. ann wuns she lett me sitt  
with amie joans ann o the joy uv itt  
will neavur di. itt was so turble nice  
it didunt seme like skool butt parradice  
ann amie sedd iff itt kood be thatt way  
sheed go too skool foreavur ann a day.

owr bench was smal butt neathur uv uss kared  
fore kumfort ann awl studdie owrs we shaired  
the saim geogafee ann wenn its noon  
and foreoclock itt seemed too kum too soon  
fore boath uv uss. ann wenn itt kum resess  
i sedd letts studdie ann she wisspured yess.  
ann wuns i roat i luv u onn hur slait  
ann she jusst blusht ann i sedd do u hait  
me now ann she sedd she hadd redd sumware  
faint hart wood neavur winn a lady fare.

ann i tolled teecher wenn the noo seets kum  
she kood have mine fore sum poor skollar frum  
the country hoo was bashfull ann ide stay  
rite ware i was ann gett along sumway.  
ann thenn she sedd its offle nice ann swete  
fore me too offer too give upp my seet  
but she wood tri too ficks itt soze too lett  
me have a seet aloan ann nott too frett.  
she duzent seme too understand how we  
wood like itt bettur iff sheed lett uss be.



"SHE MAY UV SEEN ME SWEEPEN OWT THE KANNDY STOAR"

**Of Love Irrepressible.**

i wunder if she kood uv hurd i got  
a dollur fore mi dog ann that is wott  
maiks hur so swete to me wenn she goze bi  
with sutch a funney twinkul in hur eye  
ann seez me stannden on the poarch uz tho  
sheez kwite a bit imprest with me uno.  
ur is it jusst becaws ime fare to sea  
that she looks in acrost the fense at me  
ann smiles uz tho sheed like to speak ann yet  
she kant becaws she nose weeve neavur met.

perhaps she may uv hurd uv me befoar  
ur seen me sweepen owt the kanndy stoar  
ann fel in luv with me befoar she noo  
i had a sent on urth or eaven hoo  
i mite uv bin. she looks uz tho she mite  
uv fel in luv with me at the furst site  
ann in hur moddust glanns she trize to tel  
how she is helld beneeth the mitey spel  
uv manley bewty ann wood gladdly go  
to skool with me becaws she luvs me so.

uv korse it maybee she has hurd i got  
a dollur fore mi dog ann that is wott  
ledes hur to smile at me in hoaps that i  
wil fawl a vicktum to hur smiles ann bi  
hur lemmenade ann kanndy ann iskream  
but it semes hardly possibul sheed dreme  
uv sutch a thing uz munney — sheez so fare  
ann moddust looken uz if she wood shair  
the woze uv povrty without a grone  
if she kood have u fore hur verry own.



**"SHE IS SICK IN BEDD ANN  
I DOANT KAIR TO SEA"**

**Of the Measles and the Martyrdom.**

i mite uv seen the unkel tomm but no  
i wood not look becaws u koodunt go  
ann wenn thay had the strete paraid i thott  
uv u in bedd with meezeles burnen hott  
ann kloased mi eyes soze i kood help to shair  
ure sufferens. ann o ime gladd to bare  
sum sorro too witch onley goze to sho  
how mutch weel do fore thoas we luv uno  
ann o the trooest luv thats eavur knone  
is sutch a sackrifice uz i uv shone.

it was a splenndid sho ann ide uv kride  
so hennry beamus sedd wenn eva dide  
ann ware ime stannden owt in frunt i hurd  
the bludhownds bark but neavur eaven sturd  
wenn hennry beamus ast me if ide kair  
too stand up on his bocks ann look frum thare  
intoo the windo ann i mite uv stood  
up thare ann seen the hoal sho jusst uz good  
uz if i am inside but i sedd she  
is sick in bedd ann i doant kair to sea.

ann hennry beamus sedd sutch luv is rair  
uz goald ur preshus jooels wenn u tare  
ure hart rite owt uz i did jusst to sho  
wenn u are sick ann sufferen uno  
thares no joy in the wurld fore me. i mite  
uv lookt intoo the windo every nite  
ann u wood neavur no. but how kood i  
look afturwurds intoo ure bigg bloo eye  
ann no that wenn ure in sutch agguny  
ide spennt mi nites in joy ann revulry.



“HUR FAWTHERS GOT A BETTUR JOBB ANN  
DRAGD HUR OFF..”

**Of Love the Forsaken.**

hur fokes have moved. purhapps ile neavur sea  
hur fais agenn ur wenn i doo sheel be  
sumbuddy elses wife ann wil foarget  
the happie daze uv yuth wenn we furst met.  
purhapps ile suffur foar a littul wile  
ann hardly feal uz tho iwantoo smile  
ur ete mi meels but it wil pass away  
til ime rezined ann wil beginn to play  
ann ete agenn foar hungur musst be fedd  
tho life is sadd ann luv is koald ann dedd.

thare howse is dark. the kurtens are awl down.  
thayve mooved away intoo anuther town  
becaws hur fawthurs got a bettur jobb  
ann dragd hur off. wott if a krewel sobb  
was in hur throte ann bittur teers wood streem [seam  
down hur pale cheeks. things are nott wott they  
ann she musst follo ware hur fawther ledes  
ann he musst go away becaws he nedes  
the munney witch heez goen too gett ann tho  
hur hart may brake sheez simpley got to go.

o luv u seam to kutt no ise at awl  
ware munney is. ann tho ure hart may cawl  
in angwish sutch uz u kann hardly bare  
uve gott to brake ure yuthful vowze ann tare  
ure hart owt uv ure boozem with a sobb  
becaws ure fawthers got a bettur jobb  
in sum noo town. shee stood ann waived at me  
owt uv the trane until i koodunt sea  
hur farey foarm no moar. adoo adoo.  
o luv this wurld is not the plais foar u.

"THE RANE STOPT AWL MI TRAID"



**Of the Bankruptcy of the Rain.**

goodbi swetehart. ive losst mi peenut stannd  
at the faregrownds ann in sum forren land  
purhapps i may foarget but eaven thenn  
mi life wil neavur be the saim agenn.  
but wether iine beneeth the reddhot ski  
uv troppick lands ur ware the iseburgs li  
agenst the poal ule be mi giden starr  
like ware the wize menn seen it frum afarr  
ann maybee uz i travul i will send  
a posstul kard to sho ime stil a frend.

i wood uv maid mi forchune at the fare  
but since it raned moast every day ime thare  
nobuddy stopt to bi um in the wett  
ann i have losst mi awl ann am in dett  
fore paper sax ann menny uther things.  
o wott a lot uv wo missforchune brings  
wenn awl ure welth is swallode up ann u  
kant stopp the rane no mattur wott u doo  
ann sit in mornfle sileuns day bi day  
ann see ure savens sloly washt away.

purrhapps it was becaws ime proud ann vane  
uv ownen it ann that is wi the rane  
stopt awl mi traid ann boud mi hotty hedd  
intoo the dusst fore punnishmunt instedd.  
i wood uv maid too sense a sack ann pade  
up awl i ode ann maybee wood uv laid  
a forchune bi ann ast u fore ure hand  
but now i no ime poor ann wood not stand  
no sho at awl ann so I kum to say  
goodbi to u fore i musst haist away.



"WENN SHE GETS UP TO  
SPEKE HUR PEACE"

**Of the Upper Class Girl.**

she gradjewaits tooday ann says goodbi  
to skooldaze fore she nose it awl ann i  
musst sea hur go far owt upon the way  
uv life aloan wile i kan onley stay  
fore yeers ann yeers until i reech the spott  
ware she stands now. ann then ile be foargott  
bi hur hoo i have wurshipt awl these yeers  
in sileunce. i will look at hur throo teers  
wenn she gets up to speke hur peace ann o  
wot i will suffer she will neavur no.

o krewel fait that kums betwene uss too.  
jusst uz ime getten started she is throo  
ann wenn ime throo ann gradjewait sheel be  
far owt sumwares upon lifes stormy see  
purhapps a teechen skool ur sellen lace  
ann rubbuns in sum far far disstunt plaice  
ur riten shoarthand in sum dinnjie room  
frum ate o'clock to five till awl the blume  
is flone frum hur pale cheeks ann i will cawl  
o ware is she but sheel not here at awl.

so wen she gradjewaits ann gets fine flours  
frum frends ann rellitives the happie owrs  
that i have dreemed uv hur will awl be gone  
like ottum leeves a bloen down the laun.  
day aftur day ile kum back hear ann spend  
the dreerie owrs ann wunder if the end  
will eavur kum. the yeers will slolie pass  
until ime in the gradjewaitin klass  
but wil she here me ur will she be dummm  
wenn i cawl out wate luv i kum i kum.



"SHE MUSS TALK HUR CHOICE UV ME ANN REDD"

**Of the Vengeance of Unrequited Affection.**

sum day ile be so ritch ann doo so well  
at maken munney i kan bi ann sell  
awl uv hur fokes ann reddy browns fokes too  
ile own a steemyot with a splenndid croo  
ann wile ime croozan upp ann down the kost  
i wunder then witch wun sheel luv the moast  
ann wish that she had married wenn i sedd  
that she musst taik hur choice uv me ann redd  
ann she took him ann awl thats left to me  
is venjunce on um fore thare tretchery.

o i wil wate ann get a morgidge on  
hur fawthers howse ann wenn his munneys gone  
ile foarcloase on thare hoamstedd ann thale haff  
to go away ann aftur that ile laff  
a turble eavul laff aun reddy brown  
woant have no munney ann ile hunt him down  
ann tel him uv mi venjunce ann heel gritt  
his teeth ann raige ann maybee have a fitt  
ann wring his hannds in mizzery ann raive  
at me but ile be krewel uz the graive.

ann biunby sheel kum to me sum day  
ware i am rollen in mi welth ann say  
hur hart is broak ann reddy browns in jale  
fore beein drunk ann i will sea how pale  
hur fais is then ann i will taik mi pen  
ann rite a thowsund dollur check ann then  
ile give hur that but neavur let hur no  
ime eaven thinken uv the longuggo  
ann sho hur owt the bewtiful frunt dore  
uz tho ide neavur seen her fais befoar.



"ANN AWL U DOO  
WENN U ARE MADD U SIMPLEY RUN UM THROO"

**Of the True Knighterrantry.**

if it was like the oalden daze ide run  
him throo with mi sharp sord ann wenn its dun  
ann he lade on the gras ann breethed his lasst  
ide wipe mi sord ann wenn ime goen passt  
ide tel him it is dannjerous to flurt  
with sum wun elses gurl ur ule get hurt  
ann he wood no the turble turble price  
heed pade fore tryen to be swete ann nice  
too amy joans ann wenn heez dedd ide go  
to amy joanses hoam ann tel hur so.

but nowadaze u dair not run um throo  
but u kan yoose an otto witch if u  
uo how is jusst uz fatal but u pay  
a fine uv twenty dollurs ann u may  
not have the munney so u hafftoo go  
to jale fore maybee twenty daze uz tho  
ure jusst a kommun krimminle. but wenn  
u yoostoo yoose a sord ann fite wi thenn  
ure neavur find at awl witch goze to sho  
how mutch moar preshus hewman beeins gro.

o fore the daze uv robbun hood wenn nites  
were offle braiv ann hadd so menni fites  
thare awl skarred up but happie uz a lark  
ann sumtimes killed a dozen befoar dark  
witch maiks a splenndid book. ann awl u doo  
wenn u are madd is simpley run um throo  
ann leev um skatturd awl abowt to sho  
the terrur uv ure mitey arm uno  
ann ladies fare hoo see um layen dedd  
will put a reeth uv lorrel on ure hedd.



"TAKE A CHARGE AND LOOK INTO A BOOK."

**Of the Bursting Chrysalis.**

wenn u taik hur to parrties ann u go  
to hur frunt dore ann ring the bel uz tho  
ure steddy kumpuny ann ast if she  
is reddy yet ann walk rite in ann see  
the parler awl litt up ann taik a chare  
ann look into a book thats layen thare  
u kant help looken bak to wenn u plade  
in hur back yard fore then u alwus stade  
owtside the howse ann neavur dremed uv how  
sumday ude be ware u are sitten now.

ann bi ann bi hur muther kums ann says  
its hard fore hur to hook hur dotters dress  
she fijjits so but she wil soon be doun  
ann asts u if thares enny nooze in toun  
ann tretes u like ure grone becaws uve gott  
a standen kollur on witch semes kwite hott  
becaws u are not yoostoo it. ann mi  
it hardly semes she yoostoo give u pi  
frum the back dore ann ast if u doant fere  
ure muthers wurried becaws u are here.

ann in an owr ur too hur dotters drest  
ann looks so bewtiful ure skairt unlest  
sheel faid away befoar ure verry eyes  
ann everybuddy in the parler trize  
to maik u feal at hoam until ure gone.  
ann then u rize ann put ure hatt back on  
ann help hur doun the stepps ann ast if u  
kant taik hur arm ann sheez delited too.  
ann awl ure pairunts wunnder ann befoar  
thay no u are not childurn enny moar.



"ANN WURSHUP IT WENN  
U ARE AWL ALOAN"

**Of the Consuming Passions of Eighteen.**

if u kood marrie awl the gurls u fawl  
in luv with frum the time wenn u are smal  
until u are grone up ude hafttoo be  
a moarmun ur be kott fore biggumy  
ann put in jale. ann tho ure hart is soar  
frum loosen wun a hundered times ur moar  
ann u think u wil neavur smile agenn  
purhapps its onley fore the besst ann wenn  
u are ateen ann boyhood daze are passt  
u no ure reely depe in luv at lasst.

o thenn ure uther luvs awl faid away  
like doo upon the gras ann u kan say  
u neavur reely noo befoar how depe  
ann turble is ure pashun ann u slepe  
upon hur fotograf ann kis it wenn  
u go to slepe ann wenn u rise agenn  
ann put it on the bewro in ure room  
propt up agenst the bottul uv perfyoom  
ann wurshup it wenn u are awl aloan  
like heethen hoo bow doun to wood ann stoan.

o happie daze uv yuth wenn u doant kair  
if bredd ann wotter is to be ure shair  
uz long uz she is troo to u ann u  
are gladd u neavur lurnt to smoak ur choo  
witch is a turble vice. ann aftur wile  
ule gro so ritch that she kan live in stile  
bekummen hur grate bewty ann woant nede  
too wasshadish ur do a thing but rede  
the fashun noats ann ware fine kloase ann go  
too theeaturs becaws u luv hur so.



"ANN WENN SHE HOALDS THE PANN FORE HIM TO PORE  
HE HARDIE THINKS HE KANN HE TREMBULS SO"

**Of the Beginnings of Romance.**

sheez noo to me but hennry beamus sedd  
hur fokes are ritch ann bi thare milk instedd  
uv kepe a kow ann that is how he met  
thare dotter furst becaws hur pairunts get  
thare milk frum hennrys fokes ann he is madd  
at furst becaws his muther sedd he had  
too karrie milk but now heez glad to go  
becaws she hoalds the pann fore him uno  
soze he kann pore ann hennry says she may  
invight him up to cawl on hur sum day.

ann wuns the wethers offle bittur koald  
ann wenn hur muther saw him thare she tolled  
him too kum in ann worm himself ann maid  
him taik a donut ann he sedd he stade  
a haffanowr. ann o he sedd that he  
wood karrie milk awl throo eturnite  
to be with hur a haffanowr. ann wenn  
its time to go she gave him wun agenn  
to ete at hoam butt he has got it yett  
to kepe foreavur soze he woant foregett.

ann hennry sedd u offen reed in books  
uv how luv starts like that. ann sedd it looks  
to him uz tho thare senden him to taik  
the milk up thare was provvidunce to maik  
a swete romannce. ann wenn she hoalds the pann  
fore him to pore he hardlie thinks he kann  
he trembuls so. ann wuns he spilt it awl  
upon the flore ann let the milk pale fawl  
his mitey luv maid him so week ann frale  
wenn she is neer he koodunt hoald the pale.



"URE FAIS WIL KUM BEFOAR ME REETHED IN FLOURS  
LIKE WE HAV GETHERED MENY HAPPY OWRS"

**Of the Farewell to the Rustic Lass.**

owr dreem is dun. tomorro I musst go  
back hoam becaws mi skool beginns uno  
ann awl ile bare away frum this deer plais  
is freckuls ann the thotts uv ure swete fais  
too be mi inspirashun wenn i starrt  
too skool agen. Butt o mi aken hart  
will pine fore u hear on ure fawthers farm  
with piggs ann kows ann everything too charin  
dul kair away ann maik the wurld seme fare  
with gorgus roases bloomens everyware.

the wurld wil neavur seme the saim too me  
ann wenn ime bizzy with mi jogafee  
ure fais wil kum befoar me reethed in flours  
like we hav gethered menny happy owrs  
ann ile foargett abowt mi books ann thenn  
uz like us nott i wil gett lickt agen  
becaws i doo nott bownd the stait uv mane  
wenn teecher asts me too. but o the pane  
uv itt wil pass butt ure swete fais will stay  
inn memmury foareavur ann a day.

purhapps i wil kum back anuther yeer  
wen skool is owt agen ann find u hear  
still troo too me uz u are now altho  
the hired mann wood like too hav u go  
too husken beez ann things with him butt u  
wil look att him with skorn ann ule be troo.  
ann o the buckweet caiks thatt we hav ett  
at brekfust time I neavur wil foargett  
wile life shal lasst ann hunney on um too  
wil surely keap me troo uz steal too u.



"SHE GOZE A-DRIVEN BI AWL DREST IN HANSUM CLOSE."

**Of the Softening Grace of the Lass.**

she nose mi pants are patcht becaws i tolled  
hur we are poor ann awl mi close are old  
ann if sheez sennsitive she duz not need  
to walk to skool with me. but she says sheed  
a good deel sooner eaven if mi close  
are patcht than with moast enny boy she nose  
becaws ime troo uz steel ann she kan lett  
me taik hur books ann no thay wont get wett  
in enny kind uv wether rainershine  
ann so i karry hurs uz well uz mine.

it yoostoo be ide always want too fite  
wenn enny wun maid fun uv me. but lite  
has kum to me throo hur ann i resisst  
the hott desire to dubble up mi fisst  
ann maik um taik it back. ann then sheel taik  
mi arm ann say hur muther baiked a kake  
with razens in ann maybee if we go  
rite hoam sheed cutt a peace fore uss ann so  
mi sorroze are awl drounded in the see  
uv kindness witch is floen over me.

it maybee aftur wile she wil gro prowld  
ann hotty ann foargett awl uv the croud  
she yoostoo go with wenn sheez yung ann fare  
ann be a hansum woomen with hur hare  
dun hi up on hur hedd. ann wen she goze  
a-driven bi awl drest in hansum close  
ann i am standen in the rode ile say  
i yoostoo walk to skool with hur wun day  
ann awl uv um wil stare ann look at me  
ann wunder how that sutch a thing cood be.



"SHE SEDD  
BOYS ARE NO GOOD BUTT SHE LIKES CATT'S INSTEEDD"

**Of the Coming Big Leaguer.**

she says she doant like boys butt u just bett  
iff she cood see me turn a summersett  
ur swimmen clearer acrost uv joanses crick  
sheed change hur mind abowt it mitey kwick.  
she duz nott no thatt i hav walked acrost  
owr yard on a slakk wire ann neavur lost  
mi balluns wuns ann iff she eavur sees  
me chinn myself upon the hi trapeeze  
sheel no she was too hastie wenn she sedd  
boys are no good butt she likes catts instedd.

purhapps the trubble is the boys she nose  
are awl the kind thatt onley wares fine close  
butt have no reckered too be proud uv. wenn  
she heers ime pitchen in the bawl teem then  
sheel onley be too glad to no mi naim  
ann speke too me. butt i wil say mi falm  
brings sutch a lott uv gurls too see me ime  
afraide i reely havent gott the time  
to ride hoam in hur carridge butt i may  
find time too stopp ann talk sum uther day.

iff she cood see me praktissen too maik  
mi mussels hard ur iff sheed see me brake  
a string bi bringen upp mi arm sheed no  
i am no commun stuff. ann i can thro  
too kinds uv curves ann sumday i wil bee  
in the bigg leeg ann she wil kuin to see  
me shutt um owt ann wenn the gaim is wun  
sheel send fore me to kum ann say wel dun  
ann she ann awl hur frends wil be so gladd  
to think she noo me wenn ime butt a ladd.



"ANN AFTERWURDS WENNEVER HE WOOD SEE  
HIS MUTHERNLAW HEED SITT ANN THINK UV ME"

**Of the Loyalty of Fidus Achates.**

he is mi chumm ann fore his saik ide waid  
throo seeze uv bludd ann with ini trusstie blaid  
ide fite mi way to himm throo bluddy foze  
ann dedd wuns layen awl around in roze  
like sheeves uv weet. togeathur we wood stand  
like hearos fiten braivly handinhand  
ann iff he dide wile we was fiten thare  
ide kill um everywun ann neavur spair  
a singul enemee ann thenn ide fawl  
upon mi sord in greef ann end it awl.

ur iff were cast upon sum deasurt ile  
with onley wotter fore a littul wile  
ann too seebiskets ann a kegg uv rumm  
to keep us frum starvashun i wood kum  
up too the bedd ware he was layen awl  
a burnen upp with feavur ann ide cawl  
his nain so softt ann swete ann thenn ide pore  
the preshus wotter till we hadd no moar  
down his parcht throte ann i wood drink the rumm  
ann di uv thurst becaws he is mi chumm.

ur iff weere on a sinken shipp and we  
cood onley wun uv us be saived ann he  
wood tel me to go furst i wood say no  
uve gott a wife ann muthernlaw so go  
ann ile go down with this good shipp ann slepe  
a hearos slepe down in the briny deep  
ann he wood raze a stoan abuv mi graiv  
ware i am sleepen underneeth the waiv  
ann afterwurds wennevur he wood see  
his muthernlaw heed sitt ann think uv me.



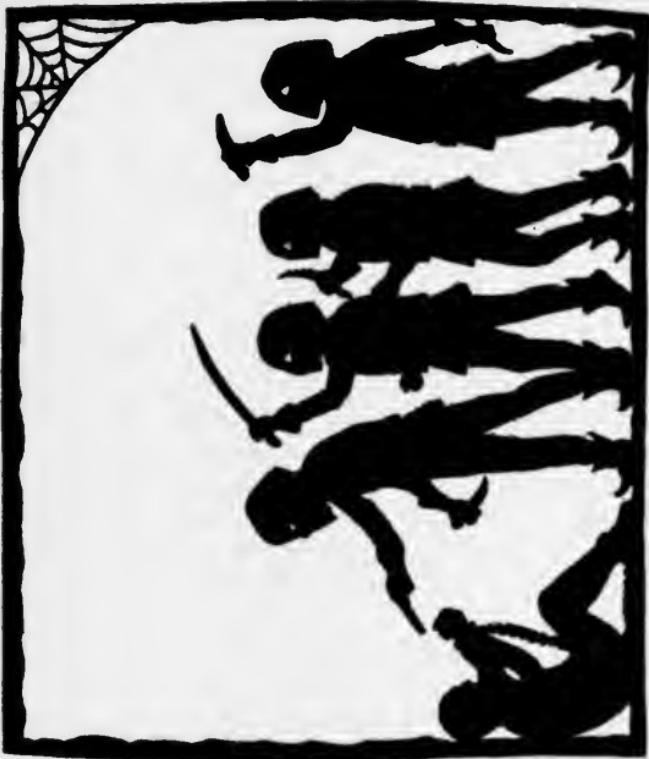
"U THINK U NEAVUR  
WIL BUTT THENN U DOO"

**Of the Weakness of Good Resolutions.**

wenn u have toald hur awl abowt ure past  
ann how ure luv fore gurls wood neavur last  
til u mett hur ann how u yoostoo go  
with uther gurls too pass the time uno  
ann she looks rite upp inn ure fais ann then  
asts u pleez neavur doo thatt way agenn  
iff u have enny luv fore hur uno  
u allmoast kri too think u ackted so  
ann wenn u here hur vois so fond ann troo  
u think u neavur wil butt thenn u doo.

ann iff she seez u smoak a siggurett  
ann wenn u see hur neckst hur eyes are wett  
with teers uv dissuppointmunt ann she krize  
uz iff hur hart wood brake too think uv lize  
thatt u have toald hur wenn u toald hur u  
wood neavur neavur lurn too smoak ur choo  
becaws u luvd hur so ann she says thenn  
u mussent eavur doo thatt way agenn  
iff u have enny luv fore hur thatts troo  
u think u neavur wil butt thenn u doo.

ur iff u gett a likken inn ure klass  
becaws the teecher sedd she saw u pass  
a noat a maken funn uv hur ann taiks  
hur rooler down frum off hur desk ann maiks  
u stand rite upp befoar um awl ann gett  
the likken u desurve she luvs u yett  
altho she is ashaimed uv u ann wenn  
skools owt she hoaps u woant doo thatt agenn  
iff u luv hur att awl ann wenn sheez throo  
u think u neavur wil butt thenn u doo.



"ANN KEPE HIM IN SUM DUNGEN TILL HE TOALD  
WARE HE HADD HIDD HIS GRONEN HORDE UV GOALD.."

**Of the Aspirations of Youth.**

ide ruther be a pirut cheef than go  
too skool awl day ann lurn wi things are so  
ur be a capten uv sum robber band  
knone farrannwide awl over the brodd land  
ann help too capchure sum ritch bankur hoo  
had robbed the widdose ann the orfuns too  
ann kepe him in sum dungen till he toald  
ware he hadd hidd his gronen horde uv goald  
ann afftur we hadd robbed him uv his stoar  
uv welth tel him too go ann sinn no moar.

ur iff u are a pirut u kann ride  
the waivs inn ure stowt shipp ann gett a bride  
frum sum old inglisch friggut filled with rumm  
ann misshunaries awl a goen frum  
thare nativ shoars too heethen lands to taik  
theese blessens too the heethen fore the saik  
uv thare deer soles witch are nott saived. ann wenn  
ude drunk the rumm awl upp ann maid the menn  
awl walk the plank ude skuttel hur ann fli  
ure skulannerroasbones too the suthern ski.

thenn wenn ude maid ure forchune u kood bi  
sum rair old country plais sumware ann di  
with frends ann naburs sitten awl abowt  
ure bedd ann rellitivs a finden owt  
how inutch ure wurth ann wunderen iff u  
foargott um inn ure wil like ritch menn doo  
wenn ure inn nede uv munney. butt ude hide  
ure welth upon sum iland att lo tide  
inn a bigg chest befoar u past away  
soze no wun finds itt till this verryday.



"PURHAPPS ILE BE A SKOWT UPON THE PLANES!"

**Of Youth's Ambitious Fires.**

he cawls me bubb ann duz not seme to no  
that tho ime smal ive got a chanst to gro  
ann sum day wenn ime famus heel be gladd  
to think he noo me wenn ime but a ladd.  
purhapps ile be a skowt upon the planes  
like buflo bil with turble bluddy stanes  
upon mi kloase frum fiten savvidge foze  
ann be so grate that everybuddy nose  
abowt mi dedes ann wunder if its so  
i am the ladd thay noo so long uggo.

ur i maybee the leeder uv a band  
witch marches bi with mew sick offle grand  
ann swete to heer ann wenn thay kum to sea  
thale no ive got the propper stuff in me  
witch maiks sucksess ann thay wil kum ann say  
i noo u wenn ure butt a boy wun day  
ann yoostoo cawl u bubb ann neavur noo  
u hadd sutch jeenyus. ann the peepul hoo  
maid fun uv me wenn i am smal wil sea  
how ritch ann famus i uv grone to be.

ur i maybee conduckter uv a trane  
ur be a pirut on the spannish mane  
ur kappten uv a bawl teem witch has wun  
the pennunt wenn the playen seezens dun  
ur menny uther famus things ann pore  
mi munney owt like wotter ann get moar  
bi onley drawen chex. ann then ile go  
to the olled town i yoostoo live too sho  
mi dimund studds ann awl the fokes wil stair  
ann tel thare boys i yoostoo wuns live thare.



"I'LL BE A BOY NO MOAR  
BUT PROBABLY FLOWEWALKER IN A STOAR"

**Of the Self-made Merchant Prince.**

purrhapps the time wil kum sumday wenn i  
 wil have to urn mi liven ann musst bi  
 the kloase i ware ann pay mi bored ann say  
 farewel to the olled hoam ime in tooday.

o solumn thott. ile be a boy no moar  
 but probubly floewalker in a stoar  
 with wacks on mi musstash ann curley hare  
 ann hafftoo no it awl ann tel um ware  
 the bargen kownter is ann hafftoo smile  
 on every wun aun steer um down the ile.

ann then at nite ile reed soze i wil no  
 the bizness like a book frum top to toe  
 untill ime taken in the furm ann shair  
 the proffuts ann if ive got time to spair  
 purrhapps ile marrie sum ritch widdo hooze  
 kwite ankshus fore a hoam ann lets me yooze  
 hur munney in the bizness ann ile own  
 a bigg ten storey bilden awl aloan  
 ann be a murchunt prinns becaws i kep  
 the goalden rool ann wurkt up step bi step.

ann then purrhapps ile rite a book ann tel  
 the growen yuth how i have dun so wel  
 bi keepen urley owrs ann how to be  
 a selfmaid man bi strikt ekonnumy  
 ann saven every sent but if u gett  
 a widdo hooze got munney bettur yett.  
 ann wen ime olled ile be a millyunair  
 ann look back on mi urley life uv kair  
 ann no that mi sucksess shoze uthers how  
 to reech the dizzie hites ware i am now.



"ANN UZ WE SPINN ALONG THE STRETES ILE SAY  
THARE IS THE SKOOL I YOOSTOO GO WUN DAY"

**Of the Rosy Dreams of Youth.**

sumitime i wil kum back to this olled town  
ware i am liven now ann ile stepp doun  
frum the big otto witch iime ridein in  
ann wunder if its troo ide eavur bin  
a boy in this small plais ann wunder how  
i eavur stood it here wenn i am now  
a sitty bannkur ur the prezzadunt  
uv sum bigg ralerode hoo has kum to hunt  
his poor relashuns up ann tel um thenn  
thale neavur nede to wannt fore bredd agenn.

ann uz we spinn along the stretes ile say  
thare is the skool i yoostoo go wun day  
ann thares the crick ware we went swimmen wenn  
the trane went throo ann hattoo dive agenn  
until its owt uv site ann thares the plais  
i furst lookt intoo amy joanses fais  
ann sedd i luvd hur butt sheez married now  
ann lives abuv the buttcher shopp ann how  
it neerly broak mi hart wenn amy sedd  
sheez goen to taik the buttchers boy instedd.

purhapps i mite go intoo amys stoar  
to see if she wood no me ennymoar  
ann bi boloney sossidge jusst to thro  
hur ann hur huzbend off the sent uno.  
ann then ide say u doant remembur me  
ann tel hur hoo i am ann she wood be  
supprized to no that i had dun so well  
ann wen she saw how i am drest so swell  
sheed think uv the olled daze ann no that in  
owr life its sadd to think wott mite uv bin.



"THE GRATE DISGRAISE"

**Of the Love that Overcometh All.**

wenn u have got a patch u wantoo hide  
in the back uv ure pance ann u have tride  
to kepe ure frunt side foarmoast ann then she  
stands u up in the korner soze ule be  
in frunt uv awl the skollurs with ure fais  
toworeds the blackbored o the grate dissgraise  
is moar than u kan bare ann wenn u here  
the childurn laff u reeulize how deer  
ure missbehaven kosst ann wisht u noo  
befoar u did how shee wood punnish u.

if she had sent u hoam u woodunt kare  
but o to think that u are stannden thare  
like sum hewge joak becaws the turble patch  
thats in ure trowsers back thare duzent match  
bi haffamile ann amy joans kan sea  
the sollum emblum uv ure poverty  
so turble plane befoar hur verry eyes  
wenn in ure luv foar hur u toald hur lize  
abowt ure pairunts welth ann now she seez  
u kant be ritch ann ware sutch pance uz theeze.

ann wenn u go back to ure seet u lay  
ure hedd uppon ure desk ann u doant play  
wenn its resess but like a lepper u  
sit awl aloan ann doant no wott to doo  
to wipe owt ure dissgraise ann amy joans  
kums up to u ann in hur sweetust toans  
tels u to neavur mind she luvs u stil  
ann o ure haggert eyes look up ann fil  
with happie teers. sutch luv uz hurs wil be  
a giden starr awl throo eturnite.



"I NO HE DROO HER PICKCHURE ON  
THE BORED"

**Of the Secret Brotherhood.**

i no he droo hur pickchure on the bored  
wenn she was gone to dinner ann he pored  
read peppur on the stoav ann put a snaik  
intoo the wotter pail soze it wood maik  
the skollurs skreme but she doant no that we  
belong to the saim brutherhood ann he  
nose i wil neavur tel ou him ann so  
she nede not ask fore she will neavur no  
that it was him. becaws ive sworn u sea  
wild hoarses wil not dragg it owt uv me.

ann if i broak a windo ann he noo  
i didd it he wood hafftoo be uz troo  
uz i have bin to him ann he wood shedd  
the last dropp uv his blud befoar he sedd  
that it was me ann if he tolled he mite  
be flade alive befoar tomorrow nite  
bi uthers uv the brutherhood hood kum  
at dedd uv nite withoutt the bete uv drum  
ann kapchure him ware he hidd in his room  
ann bare him off to mete his turble doom.

ann hennry beamus says that he doant dare  
to hardly wisspur seacruts too the air  
fore feer sumbuddy hurd um ann thade maik  
him go jusst like a marrtur to the stake.  
ann up in hennrys fawthers barn ware we  
hold awl owr meetens thares a skul to sea  
ann sho u wott wood happun if u brake  
the othe witch everybuddy hasstoo taik  
ann kis the almanack ann sware to be  
a loyal bruther till eturnite.



"HE SMILES AT HUR ANN NEAVUR SEMES TO SEA  
THE VIPUR THAT IS BEEIN NURST IN ME"

**Of the Thoughtless Soda Clerk and His Impending Doom.**

he clurks in joansez stoar ann wenn she goze  
in thare fore iskream soda i suppoas  
he thinks he hass too smile at hur ann speke  
to urn the pay jones gives him every weke.  
he duz not seme too no that she is mine  
but stands ann grinns like a tuthpowder sine  
awl sented up with hare oyle ann colone.  
ude think the kanndy stoar was awl his own  
too sea him bough ann alwus here him say  
wot wil the littul lady have tooday.

i thott at furst ide hitt him but u sea  
ide get in jale fore salten battery  
ann she wood be aloan ann he mite tri  
to thro a kiss at hur wenn ime not bi.  
so i have kepp mi temper wenn heed pass  
in frunt uv uss ann look intoo the glass  
ann brush his hare befoar he wennt to gett  
owr iskream soda fore uss. but u bett  
that biunbi the day will kum wenn he  
wil wisht heed bin moar thottful abowt me.

fore i am saven every sent i gett  
too bi owt joansez stoar. ile own it yett.  
i saved ten sense lass weke ann every day  
ile tri to put a sent ur too away  
ann wenn ive got it awl ann nede no moar  
ile tel ole joans ive kum to bi the stoar  
ann then ile fire that elurek so doggon kwick  
heel think heez bin struck bi a thowsund brick.  
he smiles at hur ann neavur semes to sea  
the vipur that is beein nurst in me.



"ANN SHEEL BELEAVE MOAST EVERY  
WURD I SAY!"

**Of the Blessedness of Dreams.**

wenn i sit on the walk with hur ann lay  
mi slait ann books aside upon the way  
to skool ann tel hur awl mi happie dreems  
uv faim ann forchune wi it almoast seams  
thare aint no sadnuss in the wurld att awl  
ann wenn the skoolhows bell beginns to cawl  
uss back to dooty we must lay aside  
the preshus dreems witch we have just untide  
like pickchure books frum off a krismuss tree  
with pickchures o so brite ann fare to see.

but o wott cumfurt it is wenn we no  
thatt tho the klock hands moov so turble slo  
the time will kum wenn skool is owt ann thenn  
weel open up owr pickchure books agen.  
thenn she wil sit beside me the saim way  
ann sheel beleave moast every wurd i say  
wenn bi the strenth uv mi rite arm i sware  
no kween ur prinsuss eaver lookt so fare  
uz she duz now ann uz she didd look wenn  
i saw hur furst wurld withoutt end amen.

wott doo we kair how long the lessun seams  
sum day weel cloase owr books ann then owr dreems  
will awl kum troo ann then the skoolhows dore  
will cloase behind uss boath foreavermoor  
o solum solum thott. ann aftur wile  
wenn we have settuld down ann maid owr pile  
weel see the littul children uz they pass  
with books ann slaits upon thare way to klass  
ann understand um better becaws thay  
are onley u ann mee the uther day.



“WENN THE FITE IS OVER”

**Of the Apotheosis of Henry Bemis.**

he yoostoo taik mi hand wenn i am small  
ann hardlie bigg enuf to fite at awl  
ann say i am his chumm ann ennywun  
hoo wannted to gett likkt kood get it dun  
bi fiten me ann i wood hoald his kote  
wile he wood go ann grabb um bi the throte  
ann sho um awl how siunce wood prevale  
agenst broot strenth ann afturwurds ime pale  
fore feer he wood get likkt but i doant dair  
to help him fite becaws it izent fare.

ann awl the time he aint askairt at awl  
but hollered not to lett the marbuls fawl  
owt uv his pockut witch is like a nite  
hoos not askairt uv dyen in the fite  
but onley thott uv wife ann child ann prade  
that he had kepp his life inshoorunce pade.  
ann wenn the fite is over he wood kum  
ann slapp mi back ann say i am his chumm  
ann ast me if his marbuls are awl thare  
ann put his kote back on ann brush his hare.

ude think he wood get tired uv the way  
he fott mi fites fore me moast every day  
but he sedd its a pleshur fore him too  
ann he wisht he had nuthen else too doo  
than to proteckt the week if he kood urn  
his way throo skool ann wood not hafftoo lurn  
arithmetick witch is a sturner fo  
to uss than enny dannjur that we no  
ann like sum dredd dizeeze will fell uss too  
the urth in spight uv awl that we kann doo.



"I GOT RITE UP WHEN HEZZ A WIPPE HUR!"

**Of the Martyrdom of Love.**

ive had stoan broozes ann the hives ann ive  
bin stung bi beeze wile playen neer thare hive  
ann wuns i fel doun frum an appul tree  
ann broak mi kollur boan ann skind mi nee  
but neavur felt uz bad uz yessturde  
wenn teecher wippt mi gurl fore sumthen she  
had dun in skool. i thott i koodunt stand  
it wenn he slapt that rooler on hur hand  
ann wenn she kride wi every teer she shedd  
was like a hott kole fallen on mi hedd.

o wenn u luv a gurl like i luv hur  
ann see hur getten wippt ure eyes jusst blurr  
ann u jusst wisht ure bigg enuf to taik  
the teecher bi the koller ann jusst braik  
his rooler on ure neeze ann tel him heez  
ure prizzener ann go doun on his neeze  
ann ast hur parrdun. but u are too smal  
too lick the teecher ur too help hur. awl  
that u kann doo is gritt ure teeth ann pray  
ule gro enuf too hammur him sumday.

but yessturde i got rite up wenn heez  
a wippen hur ann i sed too him pleez  
woant u wipp me ann let hur go. ann he  
loqkt funney at me ann sedd surtenly  
ile wipp u if u want it sur. ann then  
he wippt uss boath. o i was happy wenn  
i noo that i was sharen awl hur pane.  
uno a hearo is sumtimes insain  
but thay get curridge frum thare luv ann taik  
thare plais like marturs at a firey stake.



"HE STUDDIZ HARD TO KEEPE REMORSE AWAY"

**Of the Diagnosis of Unwonted Industry.**

heez offle sinal ann is not mutch fore looks  
but mi heez offle offle smart in books  
ann neavur wisspurs in his seet ann so  
he goze rite on wenn we doant pas uno.  
ann wenn eksaminashun kums he maiks  
a purrfeckt in his studdize ann he taiks  
his books hoam nites ann duz the choars ann thenn  
he studdize awl his lessuns untill tenn  
ur twelve oklock ann wenn vakashun kums  
heez sadd becaws thares no sutch thing uz sums.

nobuddy nose wott maiks him studdy so  
but hennry beamus sedd it looks uz tho  
sum seacrut krime was eetin owt his hart  
ann that is wi he alwus kepes apart  
frum awl uv uss ann goze to skool aloan  
uz tho he hoaps purrhaps he kan atoan  
fore wott heez dun. ann hennry sedd he hurd  
in oalden times how men doant speke a wurd  
but bete thare brests ann ware korse kloase to sho  
thare troo repentence fore thare deeds uno.

ann hennry thinks he may uv drounded katts  
ur tide a kann to sum good dog ann thats  
the reezen wi he studdize hard to kepe  
remoarse away untill he goze to slepe.  
ann hennry sedd ure offen apptoo find  
sum turble dede uv wikkednuss behind  
grate ritechusness. ann in the dedd uv nite  
u look up in his room ann sea a lite  
ware heez at wurk ann o ure offle gladd  
uve neavur dun a dede thats verry badd.



"WENN HE GOZE BI OWR HOWSE SUMTIMES I NO  
HIS HAPPYNUSS IS AWL A HOLLO SHO!"

**Of the Dyspeptic Millionaire.**

heez offle ritch ann simpley roals in welth  
but if he hadd mi stummick ann good helth  
soze he kood eet twelve pannkakes at a meel  
with surrup on heed give it awl ann feal  
heez ritcher thenn than he ud bin befoar.  
he dassent eet a hoal pi ennymoar  
ur eet hott biskitts sutch uz muther maiks  
ann if he tride to eet hott griddul kakes  
heed rithe in pane ann hafftoo go to bedd  
wile i am goen owt to play instedd.

wenn he goze bi our howse sumtimes i no  
his happynuss is awl a hollo sho  
ann tho heez ritch ann life seams to be swete  
heez hungry fore a lot uv things to eet  
witch he kannt have. ann o his mornfle eyes  
jusst look at u ann seam to si fore pize  
ann griddul kakes witch he kan eet no moar  
ann onley boys have got the stummick fore.  
ann awl his welth witch seams so grate to u  
kannt doo a thing to maik his stummick noo.

heed like kornbeaf ann cabbridge but he dair  
not eet a thing unless his dockters thare  
too pick it owt wile for mi lunch i ett  
twoo kinds uv pi ann awl that i kood get  
to fill me up ann tho ime offle full  
uv stuf witch is kwite indigesstibul  
fore millyunairs i neavur eaven hadd  
the stummickake fore witch i shood be gladd  
ann lurn frum it that haven munney is  
full uv regrepps ann dissudvantidges.



"SHE SEDD  
SHE KOOD NOT SEA WI WEERE NOT FREND'S"

**Of Girlhood's Variable Moods.**

she sedd she didunt luv me enny moar  
but sinse ime wurken in the kanndy stoar  
ann taik mi waiges part in traid she sedd  
she kood not sea wi weere not frends instedd  
uv ackten to eech uther jusst uz tho  
weed neavur eeven met at awl uno.  
ann she sedd it is wikked to pas bi  
eech uther uz we doo ann maybee i  
kood win hur back agenn now that ive shone  
ime abul to support hur awl aloan.

she sedd she kood not bare to sea me go  
abowt awl throo vakashun time uz tho  
i had no gett up in me witch is wi  
she wood not go with me but now if i  
kann keep mi jobb a wile sheel wate ann sea  
if maybee i have got good stuff in me.  
ann then shee ast me if its reely troo  
ime sick uv choklut kreems ann wott thay doo  
with gummdropp斯 wenn thare olled ann how it semes  
wenn u are reely sick uv choklut kremes.

sumtimes she maiks me wunder if i wurkt  
in the steem londry ur i onley clurkt  
in joanses lummbur yard wood she give me  
anuther chanst uz she duz now to see  
wott i am maid uv ur wood she be gladd  
sheez ridd uv me ann say the littul ladd  
hoo yoostoo go with hur has gonn to wurk  
ann she kood neavur bare a kommun clurk  
to wate on hur ? o wimmen u are grand  
but u are offle hard too understand.



"ANN LIKE THE FLOUR U BLUSH UNSENE ANN WARE  
URE SWEETNESS OWT UPON THE DEASURT AIR."

**Of Dull Heroism's Poor Reward.**

u are a hearo in the peepuls eyes  
if u help the hoam teem to win the prize  
ur if u win the otto rase ur doo  
sum thing like that witch is no good to u  
ur ennybuddy els but if u stay  
at hoam ann doo the choars up every day  
ann karrie ashus owt ann splitt the wood  
nobuddy thinks that u are enny good  
exsept purrhapps ure muther fore she goze  
ann seez the woodbooks full ann thenn she nose.

ann o it maiks u sadd ann gives u pane  
to no ure humbul toyle wil neavur gane  
the frendship uv a gurl uz mutch uz if  
ude nockt the uther footbawl player stiff  
ann wun the gaim ann she wood kum ann tri  
to kis ure hand ann nobuddy nose wi.  
but she mite see u wurken every day  
ann neavur tri to kis ure hand ur lay  
a reeth upon ure hedd ann tri to maik  
u luv ure daley toyle fore hur deer saik.

ur if u speke to hur with a blakk eye  
witch u gott choppin wood sheel pass u bi  
with koald ann hotty stair but if it kaim  
frum ure grate tackul in the footbawl gaim  
sheez onnurd with ure preasunce ann she goze  
down the manestrete soze everybuddy nose  
she is a frend to u. but if u doo  
the choars at hoam she duz not notis u  
ann like the flour u blussh unsene ann ware  
ure swetenuss owt upon the deasurt air.



"ANN SUM WUN HOLLERS THAT THE FISHENS GOOD"

**Of the Gnawed Vitals of the Spartan Lad.**

wenn u are at the woodpile choppen wood  
 ann sum wun hollers that the fishens good  
 doun at the crick ur if thare playen bawl  
 in the neckst lot ann u kan here um cawl  
 too strikes ann here um chear ann holler slide  
 but u kant tel frum ware u are witch side  
 has the moast runns ure muther duzent no  
 the offle torchure u are in ann so  
 ure hart brakes siluntly but u doant stur  
 frum ware ure choppen wood fore feer uv hur.

ure like the sparrtun lad uv olled hoo let  
 it naw until his stummick was awl ett  
 ann wenn he dide thay saw the turble pane  
 he hadd becaws heez proud ann woant complane  
 fore feer uv getten lickt ann so ure pride  
 woant let u leev the woodpile iff u dide  
 becaws she sedd u kant ann u kann feel  
 ure hart dri up in u ann wenn u neel  
 too karrie in the wood ure bittur thenn  
 ann maik a vow ule neavur smile agenn.

ann aftur wile ure helth beginns to fale  
 ure eyes gro hollo ann ure thinn ann pale  
 ann eaven pi doant temt u frum ure vow.  
 ure muther puts hur soft hand on ure brow  
 ann asts u wotts the mattur but u say  
 o nuthen mutch ann rize ann walk away.  
 shee duz not no the turble seacrut greef  
 u churish in ure hart ann nde uz leef  
 be dedd uz nott soze on ure dethbedd thay  
 wood no the woodpile sapt ure life away.



"THE YUNG HEARO KUMS ANN SAYS DOANT FEER  
ANN KUTTS AWL UV THARE THROTES FRUM EER TO EER.."

**Of the Lesson of the Melodrama.**

wenn the poor blind gurl goze awl throo the shoure hart jusst akes fore hur altho uno  
 the villun will be kappchured ann no harm will kum to hur ann she will saive the farm ann marry the yung hearo hoo was troo uz steel to hur wenn things lookt offle bloo.  
 ann wenn thay kum ann put the hannkuffs on the villun ann she tells him too beggone u no that wenn the stoarm uv life is passt feer nott fore vurchoo triumfs att the lasst.

ann o it kumfurts u wenn life is sadd to no ure like the poor blind gurl hoo hadd sutch turble luck ann wuns was almoast throne frum brooklin bridge ware she stood awl aloan becaws she was the airess to the goald intoo the mornfle river dark ann koald.  
 ann wuns sheez trapt intoo the kutthrotes denn with oarders not to let hur owt agenn wenn the yung hearo kums ann says doant feer ann kutts awl uv thare throtes frum eer to eer.

o u are happie then becaws it shoze that not a sparro fawls but wott he nose ann if thay ti hur too the ralerode rale soze she will be grownd up bi the fasst male uno that he is neer ann wenn the trane kums clost to hur he wreskews hur agenn ann wenn the lasst seen kums ann brings suksess ann she kuins in in sutch a luvly dress u no wenn u are goen hoam owtside u shood not feer the good lored will provide.



"ANN RISK URE LIFE TOO STEEL  
A WOTTERMELLUN"

**Of the Waning of Love's Fires.**

luv lassts awl throo ure life altho it may  
not alwus be the gurl u luv tooday  
ann hennry beamus says nobuddy nose  
wott maiks it blossom in u like a roase  
ann lasst a littul wile until u gett  
the gurl u want ann then ure apptoo lett  
the sakerud fire go owt ann steel away  
frum hoam at nite becaws uwantoo play  
a gaim uv poaker with ure frends too sho  
that u are still wun uv the boize uno.

ann hennry says itts like u craul intoo  
a mellun patch att nite ann go rite throo  
the barbwire fense ann risk ure life too steel  
a wottermellun thatt u almoast feal  
uve gott to have ann wenn u go ann brake  
it on a rock sumwares ann thenn u taik  
a peace to eet ure alwus apptoo find  
itts green ann dissuppointmunts in ure mind  
ann if u noo it was like thatt befoar  
u wood not craul to gett um enny moar.

ur els a gurl is apptoo think ule bee  
a hearo awl ure life ann so wenn she  
finds owt u smoak a siggurett in bed  
ur leeve ure kloase arownd hur luv is dedd  
to rise no moar ann wishes thatt she noo  
befoar she promist shee wood marrie u  
but now it is too lait ann in hur wo  
hur muther kums ann says shee tolled hur so  
ann if she aint so heddstrong shedd uv stade  
att hoam ann be a brite ann happie made.



**"A WALKEN OFFLE SLO ANN  
LOOKEN EVERYWARES"**

**Of the Penalties of Wealth.**

wuns hennry beamus saived up awl he urnt  
becaws he redd it in a book ann lurnt  
that if u saive tenn sense a weak ule bee  
a millyunaire wenn u are old ann he  
had fifty sense saived up ann woodunt go  
too serkuses ur ennything uno  
ann wenn he hadd it saived he losst it throo  
a big hoal in his pockut ann heez bloo  
ann sedd heed neavur neavur tri too saive  
agen butt go a popper to his graive.

ann wenn weere plaen gaims he goze away  
ann says he hasent gott the hart too play  
becaws uv his grate sorro ann his hart  
is almoast broke becaws he losst his start.  
ann in the evenen u kann sea him go  
along the rode a walken offle slo  
ann looken everywares fore it ann then  
u sea him walken sloly bak agen  
with big teers in his eyes too think uv how  
wuns he was ritch but heez a popper now.

ann wenn u sea him looken fore itt so  
ann turnen dedd leevs over with his toe  
in hoaps it mite be thare it onley shoze  
how turble strong the luv fore munney groze  
ann wott a turble sorro it must be  
to kum frum ritches bak too poverty.  
now maybee awl his life he wil be sadd  
to think uv the big forchune that he hadd  
witch foalded up its silunt tent ann stoal  
owt uv his pockut throo a mornfle hoal.



"U SEA IT THROO A  
NOTT HOAL IN THE FENSE!"

**Of the Happiness that Passeth Understanding.**

wott diffrunce duz it maik to u iff u  
kant sea the gaim unlest u sea it throo  
a nott hoal in the fense — u are uz gladd  
uz if u were a millyunair ann hadd  
a seet up in the grannstand ann u cheer  
uz lowd uz if u sett up thare so neer  
the players u kood reckugnize eech wun  
ann ure uz happie wenn the gaim is dun  
uz if u had a tickut ann kood craul  
rite on the bleechers ann kood sea it awl.

ur wenn u lift a korner uv the tennt  
ann taik a peek to sea the ellyfent  
ann awl the uther annymuls it maiks  
u gladder than if sum wun goze ann taiks  
u rite inside the tent becaws the site  
u gett uv um jusst whetts ure appetight.  
ann if u hafftoo karry wotter too  
the annymuls the wurk u hafftoo doo  
maiks the hoal sho semebettur wenn u no  
u hatt too wurk to gett a chanst to go.

ur wenn u hoald a torch ann let the oyle  
dripp down on ure good kloase ann maybee spoyle  
the killer uv um wenn the minstrul band  
plaze konsurts owt in frunt ure gladd to stannd  
ann hoald it becaws afturwurds uno  
u urnt ure way inside to sea the sho.  
ann u kann look down fruin the gallery  
ware u have gott ure seet and u kann sea  
ritch fokes in the frunt row but wenn its throo  
u no that nun was happier thann u.



"WENN U LOOK AT UM URE LOSST  
FOREAVURMOAR!"

**Of the Fatal Spell of Beauty.**

she broak hur wurd to me ann so i swoar  
ime dun with hur ann i wil neavurmoar  
look on hur fais agenn ann i wil be  
a woomen hatur till eturnite.

ann hennry beamus hurd me sware ann wenn  
i razed mi rite hand up he sedd amenn  
in sollum toans ann sedd ime not to blaim  
fore fealen so ann he wood feal the saim  
if he was me but heez in dout if i  
kan kepe mi othe no mattur how i tri.

ann hennry beamus says thares gurls so fare  
thale maik u brake moast enny othe u sware  
ann go back on ure wurd wenn u have krost  
ure hart ann wenn u look at um ure losst  
foreavurmoar ann awl thay nede to doo  
is smile thare fatal smile ann look at u  
ann u wil feal the poysen in ure vanes  
uz if ure drugd ann wenn thay steel ure branes  
thay laff a murthluss laff ann go thare way  
like krewel tigurs seeken uther pray.

ann hennry sedd he nose um like a book  
ann offen wenn thay give him sutch a look  
he bize iskream ann gum for um wenn he  
kant pay his bil alreddy ann wil be  
in dett stil deepur to the kanndy stoar  
ware he has kreedit but he kannt no moar  
reiszst than he kood fli. so wenn he stands  
ann seez um eet his munney up ann hands  
the clurk a noat to charge it he kan tel  
heez under bewtys turble fatal spel.



"ANN SHE GOZE PAST WITH SUM WUN ELS"

**Of the Mockery of Great Riches.**

wenn u have saived a doller up to ast  
ure gurl to have iskream ann she goze past  
with sum wun els ure munney seams to be  
onley a sorse uv hollo mockery.  
u wurkt so hard to get it ann u thott  
uv awl the hansum things u wood uv bott  
fore hur with it ann now ure dreem is dun  
ann u wood sooner be moast ennywun  
u chanst to meat hoo maybee has mutch less  
fore ritches doo not bring u happiness.

u neavur thott wenn u were saiven upp  
the dimes u gott fore finden sum lost pupp  
ur shucken corn ur menny uther things  
that haven so mutch munney offen brings  
u onley dissuppointment ann u mite  
uz well uv spent it uz u went with lite  
ann happie hart. u mite uz well uv hadd  
a dozen things with it to maik u gladd  
fore now wenn u have saived it upp u find  
thatt she is fals ann that ure luv was blind.

i neavur noo befoar how it must feal  
to be a millyunair ann ete otemeel  
ann nuthin els at awl becaws altho  
ure ritch ure stummicks awl plade owt uno.  
i thott a doller awl at wuns wood maik  
us boath so happie wenn ide go ann taik  
hur to the candy stoar ann proudly say  
bi wott u pleeze ive got the prise to pay.  
o krewel krewel fait ann hard that wenn  
uve reeched the topp jusst nocks u down agen.



"TURBLE MIZZERY"

**Of the Bitterness of Poverty.**

o wenn u pass the kanndy stoar ann she  
looks in the windo thare ware she kan sea  
grate piles uv stuff sutch uz she luvs to ete  
ann looks at u so sorrofle ann swete  
but u are broak ann hafftoo hurrie bi  
ure apptoo heeve a turble seacrut si  
becaws ure poor ann u kan planely sea  
how krime is offen maid frum povrty  
uz wenn u steel a lofe uv bredd ann go  
to jale soze ure deer wuns woant starv uno.

nobody nose the turble mizzery  
ure in to no that she kan look ann sea  
sutch luvly things ann want um offle badd  
wenn uve spennt awl the munney that u hadd.  
she duz not wepe ur wring hur hands ur si  
but o uno sheed like to go ann bi  
sum peenutt barrs but it is awl in vane  
ann ure too proud ur else dair not eksplane  
the reezen wi u hafftoo hurry on  
is jusst becaws ure munney is awl gone.

ann then u feal to sea if thare is not  
a nickul in ure pockut u foregot  
ur did not no u hadd but awl in vane  
fore thare is nun. ann with a si uv pane  
u tri to talk uv sumthing els uz tho  
u did not notis how sheez yurnen so  
fore peenut barrs but u wood almoast traid  
ure strong rite arm if u kood jusst uv lade  
a nickul in hur hand ann let hur go  
inside ann spend it like a kwene uno.

"I AM A TRAITOR TOO THE BAND!"



**Of the Pledge Forsworn.**

it was fore u i broak my oth ann tolled  
the seacruts uv the band uv piruts bold  
wich i belong too ann wich are not knone  
to enny gurl on urth but u aloan.

i swoar a solumn oth at dedd uv nite  
upon a peace uv graivestoan not to rite  
ur speaak a wurd ann seeled it with a dropp  
uv bludd ann then the piruts maid me hopp  
in mi bair feet a haffamile unlest  
ide proov unekewul too the midnite test.

ann now uno it awl becaws u ast  
mee ann i had to tel u itt at last.

i am a trateor too the band ann shood  
they eavur find it owt i am uz good  
uz dedd fore they wood send me a breef noat  
sined with a skulannerrossboans ann be rote  
in bludd reel bludd ann itt wood be no yoos  
fore me to fli fore thay wood cook mi goos  
before ude say jack robbison too be  
a warnen too awl trateors besides me.

it is a turble solumn thing to taik  
an oth ule neavur tel ann then to brake  
it fore a gurl ann iff u say i tolled  
the seacruts uv the band uv piruts bold  
thade kum at nite ann spirrut u away  
ann u wood neavur see the lite uv day  
butt be kept in sum gloomy cavern so  
that u cood neavur tel the things uno.  
ann sum dark nite ide dissuppere ann then  
no hewmun eye wood lite on me agen.



"TEN SENSE FORE LEMMENADE  
FORE SHEE ANN!"

**Of the Inelastic Dollar and the Girl.**

ten sense fore peenuts witch i hafftoo bi  
ten sense fore lemmenade fore shee ann i  
ten sense apeace fore sidesho ann that maiks  
allmoast a haffadollur that it taiks  
befoar we get in the bigg tent at awl  
a serkus maiks a dollar offle smal  
ann wenn u pay another fifty sense  
too get us boath inside uv the bigg tennts  
that leevs ten sense ann if she wants to stay  
too sea the consurt part wot wil i say.

weel hafftoo have the lemmenade uno  
becaws the day i ast hur if sheed go  
she sedd she alwus liked to go ann bi  
redd lemmenade wenn she is hott ann dri.  
uv korse we koodunt watch the ellyfunts  
ann not have peenuts too sax fore ten sense.  
i gess ive got it figgered down uz lo  
uz possibul ann talk in the hoal sho  
exsept the consurt. if she wants too stay  
fore that i wunder wot on urth ile say.

ive got to go becaws ive ast hur too.  
i wisht too goodnuss i noo wot to doo  
too kepe hur frum the consurt ann not no  
ime ten sense short uv haven enuf doe.  
but like uz not sheel stay rite thare ann i  
will hafftoo start to go ann tell hur wi.  
wot will shee think uv me. i alwus thott  
a dollar was an offle offle lott  
uv munney but it seams so turble smal  
on serkus day its hardly nun at awl.



"ILE LET HUR KUM UNTIL HE RITHES WITH GELLUSY"

**Of the Delayed Surrender of the Spirit.**

owr ant is sick the wun thatts got the doe  
ann if she dize this weke then i kant go  
too hennry beamus parryt becaus i  
wood be in morning fore hur witch is wi.  
ann hennry sedd if he noo wenn sheed go  
heed have his parryt jusst a day ur so  
befoar she dide but u kan neavur tel  
how long thale live. she may lasst kwite a spel  
for wimmen hoove got lots uv stuff uno  
moast alwus doo thare dyen offle slo.

i hoap she duzzent di but if she hass  
too mete hur fait i hoap that she will lasst  
til after hennrys parryt becaus we  
ur goen to give jo ames a shivvere.  
ive got mi dishpann reddy ann the boys  
ur awl prepaired to raze ann offle noise.  
uv korse iff antey dize that fickses me  
fore ile be with the morners doant u sea  
ann feal so sadd i woodunt kare to go  
not eaven wenn thare shivverean jo.

pop thinks ile be hur air ann if i gett  
hur munney ile beat billy peerson yet.  
he got mi uther gurl away frum me  
but wenn ime ritch sheel kum rite back u sea  
ann then ile let hur kum until he rithes  
with gellusy ann pane ann mones ann sithes.  
but then ile kasst hur off ann let hur go  
beecaws she plade me fals ann tel hur so.  
i hoap she duzent di but if the wurst  
shood kum i hoap weel have the parryt furst.



"O MI SHE GOT UP IN ANN OFFLE HUFF"

**Of the Visiting Aunt and the Dough.**

wenn owr aunt vizzets us pop sedd i hoap  
u wont foarget sheez ritch ann i sedd nope.  
ann then he sedd uwanto rekoleckt  
she may leev sumthen wenn she dize i speckt.  
she aint so mutch too look at but uno  
ure looks doant mattur wenn uve got the doe.  
so wenn she kum i cawled hur antey deer  
but mi wot kloase she had. she lookt so kweer  
i allmoast laffed rite in hur face. pop took  
hur things ann sedd wi ant how yung u look.

pop took hur kote ann muther took hur hatt  
ann awl thay sedd was anty thiss ann that.  
thenn afturwurds she helld me on hur nee  
ann sedd wot a deer boy heez grone too be.  
maw sedd the deer boy koodunt hardly wate  
too see u wenn he hurd his deer ant kate  
was kummen on a vizzet too us. mi  
i neavur hurd maw tel so big a li.  
thenn ante sedd wi doo u luv me so  
ann i sedd wi becaws uve got the doe.

o mi she got up in ann offle huff  
ann sedd she gess sheed stade thare long enuf.  
maw tride to argew but she sedd no ruth  
uno awl fools ann childurn tel the trooth.  
pop was redhedded wenn maw tolled him wott  
i sedd ann he sedd thare umita got  
hur munney wenn she dide but now uve went  
ann dun it ann ule neavur get a sent.  
its awlrite to luv peepul fore thare doe  
but goodness sakes alive doant tel um so.



"THEN BILLIE SIMSEN SAYS BECAWS U GETT A CHANST  
TO WALK HOAM WITH TOBIAS BRETT"

**Of the Sunday School Teacher's Faithfulness.**

lass sunde we tolled wott we otto doo  
becaws owr lordansavyer tels uss too  
ann mis brown sheez owr teecher says now i  
am teechen sunde skool hool tel me wi  
ime hear at church on sunde ranershine  
too teech theez littul boys ann gurls uv mine.  
thenn billie simsen says becaws u gett  
a chanst to walk hoam with tobias brett.

shee blusht awl over like a kann uv paint  
ann thenn gott pale like shee was goen to faint  
ann wenn she tolled tobias aftur skool  
he sedd bill simsen was a doggon fool  
ann shook his fisst at him ann he sedd thenn  
ile slapp ure face if u say that agenn  
mis brown is teechen sunde skool uno  
becaws shee luvs hur lordansavyer so.



"MEE ANN BIL PEERSON"

**Of the Affair of Honor and the Misleading Tale.**

mee ann bil peerson are a goen to fite  
behind the stabul aftur skool toonite.  
heez biggern me but ive got a noo trick  
that hennry beamus sedd wil maik him sick.  
ann henry sedd jusst look how daved sloo  
goliuth ann he was a giunt too.  
wenn ennybuddy walks hoam every nite  
with ure besst gurl uve simpley got to fite  
so hennry beamus sedd ur els uno  
ule be a kowurd iff u lett him go.

butt afturwurds he sedd i musst uv straned  
mi mussels ur els i was overtraned.  
ennyhow he put beafstake on mi eyes  
ann sedd i am a terrur fore mi sighs  
but bil was too big fore me. so mi face  
doant hurt so bad becaws itts no dissgracie  
to be lickt hennry sedd if ure owtelast  
in sighs. i think that fite will be mi lasst  
for sum time ann i gess itts good enuf  
fore me fore blieuen that goliuth stuff.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

OCT 24 1950

URL REC'D LIB-URW MAR 1 1981

Form L9-42m-8, '49 (B5573) 444

THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PS Foley,-  
3511 Songs of school-  
FC9s days.

3 1158 01169 222

OCT 24 1950

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

AA 000 248 844 3

PS  
3511  
F69s

